

THE  
SILVER AGE,

INCLUDING.

The loue of *Iupiter* to *Alcmena*:  
The birth of *Hercules*.

AND

The Rape of PROSERPINE.

CONCLVING,

With the Arraignement of the Moone.

Written by THOMAS HRYVWOOD.

*Aut prodesse solent aut delectare.*

---

---

LONDON,

Printed by *Nicholas Oakes*, and are to be sold by  
*Benjamin Lightfoote* at his Shop at the vpper  
end of *Graies Inne-lane* in *Holborne*.

PLATE 1

THE ROYAL CANAL



THE ROYAL CANAL

CONSTITUTION

WHICH IS THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL CANAL

AND THE

FOR

THE ROYAL CANAL  
AND THE  
AND A GREATLY





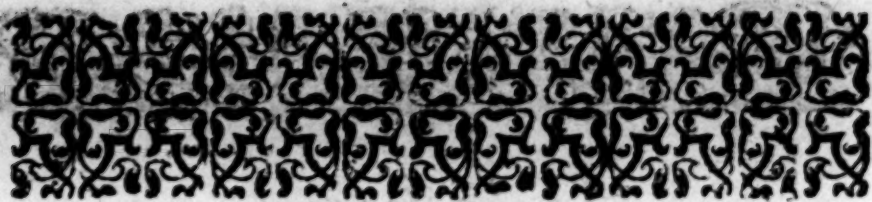
## To the Reader.



LET not the Title of this booke I entreate bee any weakening of his worth, in the generall opinion. Though wee begunne with *Gold*, follow with *Siluer*, proceede with *Brasse*, and purpose by Gods grace, to end with *Iron*. I hope the declining Titles shall no whit blemish the reputation of the Workes: but I rather trust that as those Mettals decrease in value, so *è contrario*, their books shall encrease in substance, weight, and estimation. In this we haue giuen *Hercules* birth and life: In the next wee shall lend him honour and death. Courteous Reader, it hath bene my serious labour, it now onely attends thy charitable censure.

Thine,

T. H.



## Drammatis Personæ.

HOMER.

*Acrisius.*

*Pretus.*

*Bellerephon.*

*Persæus.*

*Danaus.*

*Jupiter.*

*Ganymed.*

*Amphitrio.*

*Socia.*

*Euristheus.*

*Hercules.*

*Theseus.*

*Perithous.*

*Philoctetes.*

*Mercury,*

*Triton.*

*Pluto.*

*Cerberus.*

*Rhadamantus*

*Asculaphus.*

*Q. Aurea.*

*Andromeda.*

*Alcmena.*

*Iuno.*

*Iris.*

*Galantis.*

*Hypodamia.*

*Ceres.*

*Proserpine.*

*Semele.*

*Tellus.*

*Arethusa.*

*A Guard.*

*2. Captaines.*

*6. Centaures.*

*Servingmen.*

*Swaines.*

*Theban Ladies.*

*The seven Planets.*

*Furies.*

The



# The Silver Age.

## Actus I. Scœna I.

Enter HOMER.



Ince moderne Authors, moderne things  
haue trac't,  
Serching our Chronicles from end to end,  
And all knowne Histories haue long bene  
grac't,  
Bootlesse it were in them our time to spend  
To iterate tales oftentimes told ore,  
Or subiects handled by each common pen;  
In which euen they that can but read (no more)  
Can poynt before we speake, how, where, and when.  
We haue no purpose: *Homer* old and blinde,  
Of eld, by the best iudgements tearm'd diuine,  
That in his former labours found you kinde,  
Is come the ruder censures to refine:  
And to vnlocke the Casket long time shut,  
Of which none but the learned keepe the key,  
Where the rich Jewell (*Pœsie*) was put.  
She that first searcht the Heauens, Earth, Ayre, and Sea:  
We therefore begge, that since so many eyes;  
And seuerall iudging wits must taste our stile,  
The learn'd will grace, the ruder not despise  
Since what we do, we for their vse compile.  
Why should not *Homer*, be that taught in *Greece*,  
Vnto this iudging Nation looke like skill.



### *The Siluer Age.*

And into *England* bring that golden Fleece,  
For which his country is renowned still.

The *Golden* past, *The Siluer* age begins  
In *Iupiter*, whose sonne of *Danae* borne,  
We first present, and how *Acrisius* sinnes  
Were punish't for his cruelty and scorne.

We enter where we left, and so proceed,  
(Your fauour still, for that must helpe at need)

*Alarme.* Enter with victory, *K. Pretus*, *Bellerephon*, bringing  
in *K. Acrisius* prisoner, drum and colours.

*Pretus.* Now you that trusted to your *Daraine* strength,  
The brazen tower that earst inclos'd thy childe,  
Stand'st at our grace, a captiue, and we now  
Are *Arges* King, where thou vsurp'st so late.

*Acrisius.* Tis not thy power King *Pretus*, but our rigor  
Against my daughter, and the Prince her sonne,  
(Thus punish't by the heauens) haue madethee victor.

*Pretus.* Twas by thy valor, braue *Bellerephon*,  
That took'st *Acrisius* prisoner hand to hand.

*Beller.* The duty of a seruice and a seruant  
I haue exprest to *Pretus*.

*Pretus.* By thy valor.  
We reigne sole King of *Arges*, where our brother  
Hath tyrannis'd, and now these brazen walles,  
Built to inmure a faire and innocent maide,  
Shall be thine owne Iayle. Gyue his legges in Irons,  
Till we determine further of his death.

*Acrisius.* Oh *Danae*, when I rude and pittilesse  
Threw thee with thy yong infant, to the mercy  
Of the rough billowes, in a mattleffe boar,  
I then incur'd this vengeance. *Iupiter*,  
Whose father in those blest and happy dayes  
I scorn'd to be, or ranke him in my line,  
Hath chastis'd me for my harsh cruelty.

*Pretus.* We are *Ioues* rod, and we will execute  
The doome of heauen with all seuerity.

Such



*The Silver Age.*

Such mercy as thy guardian Beldams had,  
(Who for the loue of *Danae* felt the fire)

Thou shalt receiue from vs. Away with him:

*Acrisius is led bound, and enters Q. Aurea.*

*Aur.* Why doth *K. Pretus* lead his brother bound,  
And keepe a greater foe in liberty?

This, this, thou most vnchast *Bellerophon*,

And canst thou blushlesse gaze me in the face?

Whom thou so lately didst attempt to force,

Or front the Prince thy maister with such impudence,

Whose reuerent bed thou hast practis'd to defile,

*Beller.* Madame, my Lord.

*Aurea.* Heare not th'adulterers tongue,  
Who though he had not power to charme mine eares,  
Yet may inchaunt thine.

*Pretus.* Beauteous *Aurea*,  
If I can proue by witness that rude practise,  
His life and tortures Ile commit to thee.

*Aurea.* What greater witness then *Q. Aurea's* teares?  
Or why should I hate you *Bellerophon*,  
That (saue this practise) neuer did me wrong?

*Beller.* Oh woman, when thou art giuen vp to sin,  
And shamelesse lusts, what brazen impudence,  
Hardens thy brow?

*Aurea.* Shall I haue right of him?

*Pret.* Thou shalt: yet let me tell my *Aurea*:  
This knight hath seru'd me from his infancy,  
Beene partner of my breast and secret thoughts:  
His sword hath beene the guardian of my state;  
And by the vertue of his strong right hand,  
I am possesse of *Argos*. I could reade thee  
A Chronicle of his great seruices  
Fresh in my thoughts, then giue me leaue to pause,  
Ere I pronounee sad sentence of his death.

*Aurea.* Grant me my L. but a few private words  
With this dissembling hypocrite: Ile tell him  
Such instance of his heynous enterprise,

*The Silver Age.*

Shall make him blush, and with ofeminate teares,  
Publish his riotous wrongs against your bed.

*Pretus.* We grant you priuacy.

*Aurea.* Neare vs *Bellerophon.*

*Beller.* Oh woman, woman.

*Aurea.* We are alone, yet wilt thou grant me loue,  
Put me in hope, and say the time may come,  
And my excuse to *Pretus* shall vn say,  
These loud exclames, and blanch this *Ethiop* scandall,  
As white as is thy natiue innocence:  
Loue mee, oh loue mee, my *Bellerophon*  
I sigh for thee, I mourne, I die for thee,  
Giue me an answer swift and peremptory;  
Gaine by thy grant, life; thy deniall, death.  
Wilt thou take time and limite mee some hope  
By pointing me an houre?

*Belleroph.* Neuer, oh neuer.  
First shall the Sun-god in the Ocean quench,  
The daies bright fire, and o're the face of heauen  
Spread euerlasting darknesse.

*Aurea.* Say no more.  
Dogge, deuill, euen before my husbands face  
Darst court me, *Pretus* canst thou suffer this?  
Iniurious Traytor, think'st thou my chaste innocence,  
Is to bee mou'd with praiers, or brib'd by promises?  
Hath the King hir'd thee to corrupt his bed?  
Or is he of that flauish sufferance,  
Before his face to see mee strumpeted?

*Pretus.* by heauen, and all the Gods I vow,  
To abiure thy presence, and confine my selfe  
To lasting widdow-hood, vnlesse with rigor  
Thou chastice this false groome.

*Pretus.* *Bellerophon.*  
Thou hast presum'd too much vpon our loue,  
And made too slight account of our high power  
In which thy life or death is circumscrib'd.

*Beller.* My Lord, I should transgresse a Subjects duty.

*The Silver Age.*

To lay the least grosse imputation  
Vpon the Queene, my beauteous Soueraintesse,  
And rather then to question her chaste vertues  
I laie my selfe open to the strictest doome,  
My seruice hath bene yours, so shall my life,  
I yeeld it to you freely.

*Pretus. Aurea teares,*  
Contend with thy supposed innocence  
And haue the vpper hand: to see thee die  
My settled loue will not endure: but worse  
Then death can bee, we doome thy insolence;  
Go hence an exile, and returne no more  
Vpon thy Knight-hood, but expose thy selfe  
Vnto that monstrous beast of *Cicily*,  
Cal'd the *Chimera*, t'hath a Lyons head,  
Goats belly, and a poysonous Dragons tralne.  
Fight with that beast, whom Hoasts cannot withstand,  
And feede, what Armies cannot satisfie.  
My doom's irreuocable.

*Beller.* For all my seruice  
A faire reward, but by my innocence,  
Vertues, and all my honours attributes,  
That sauadge Monster I will feede, or foile,  
Die by his iawes, or bring home honoured spoile.

*Aurea.* Yet, yet, thy body meedes a better graue;  
And kill not mee too, whom thy grant may saue.

*Beller.* A thousand fierce *Chimeræ's* first I'll feede,  
Ere staine mine honour with that damned deed.

*Aurea.* Againe to tempt me, hence base traytor flie,  
And as thy guilt's meede, by that monster die.

*Pretus.* Away with him, 'tis our milde sufferance  
Begets this impudence, come beauteous *Aurea*  
Thou shalt bee full reuengde, I know him honourable  
In this, and will performe that enterprife  
Which in one death brings many: let vs now  
Inioy our conquests, hee shall soone bee dead,  
That with base sleights sought to corrupt our bed.



## The Silver Age.

Enter Perseus, Andromeda, and Danaus.

*Perseus.* There stay our swift and winged Pegasus,  
And on the flowers of this faire Medow grasse,  
Thou that first flewst out of the Gorgons bloud,  
Whose head wee by *Minervaes* aide par'd off,  
And since haue fixt it on our Christall sheild.  
This head that had the power to change to stone,  
All that durst gaze vpon't; and being plac't here  
Retaines that power to whom it is vncas'd:  
Hath chandge great *Atilas* to a Mount so high,  
That with his shoulders hee supports the skie.

*Dana.* *Perseus*, great sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*.  
Famous for your atchieuements through the world  
*Minervaes* favorite, Goddess of Wisedome,  
And husband of the sweete *Andromeda*.  
Whom you so late from the Sea-monster freed,  
After so many deedes of Fame and Honour,  
Shall we returne to see our mother *Danae*?

*Perseus.* Deere brother *Danaus*, the renowned issue  
Of King *Pellonius* that in *Naples* raignes,  
Where beauteous *Danae* is created Queene,  
Thither I'll beare the faire *Andromeda*  
To see our Princely mother.

*Andro.* Royall *Perseus*,  
Truely descended from the line of Gods,  
Since by the slaughter of that monstrous Whale,  
You freed me from that rocke where I was fixt  
To be deuoured and made the Monsters prey,  
And after wonne me from a thousand hands  
By *Phineus* arme, that was my first betroathed,  
Ingrate were I your fellowship to shunne,  
Whom by the force of Armes you twice haue won.

Enter Bellerephon.

*Perseus.* Towards *Naples* then, but soft, what Knight's that



*The Silver Age.*

So passionately delect? Let vs Salute him,  
Whence are you gentle Knight?

*Beller.* I am of *Arges*.

*Perseus.* But your aduenture?

*Beller.* The infernall Monster,  
Cal'd the *Chimera* bred in *Cicily*.

*Perseus.* Thou canst not stake thy life against such oddes,  
And not be generously deriu'd, I *Perseus*  
The sonne of *Ioue* and *Danae*, offer thee  
Assistance to this noble enterprife.

*Beller.* Are you the noble *Perseus*, whom the world  
Crownes with such praise and royall hardinesse?  
Fam'd for your winged steed, and your *Gorgons* sheild,  
And for release of faire *Andromeda*?

*Perf.* Wee *Perseus* are, and this *Andromeda*,  
King *Cephens* daughter, rescued by our sword,  
The keene-edged harpe.

*Beller.* Let me do you honours  
Worthy your State, and tell such newes withall  
As shall disturbe the quiet of your thoughts,  
I am of *Arges* where *Acrisius* raigned.

*Perf.* Our Grand-fire, and raignes still.

*Beller.* His brother *Pretus*  
Hath cast him both from stile and kingdome too,  
Nor let *Bellerophon* himselfe belie,  
It was by vertue of this strong right arme  
Which he hath thus requited, to expose me  
Vnto this strange aduenture, the full circumstance  
I shall relate at leasure,

*Perf.* Dares King *Pretus*  
Depose *Acrisius*, knowing *Perseus* liues?  
Guide me faire Knight vnto my place of birth,  
Where the great King of *Arges* liues captiu'd,  
That I may glaze my harpe in the bloud  
Of Tyrant *Pretus*.

*Beller.* I am sworne by oath  
To dare the rude *Cycilian* Monster first,

Whom

*The Silver Age.*

Whom hauing slaine, I'll guide you to the rescue  
Of K. *Acrisius*.

*Perseus*. Thou hast fir'd our bloud,  
And startled all our spirits *Bellerophon*,  
Wee'l mount our *Pegasus*, and through the ayre  
Beare thee, vnto that fell *Chimeraes* den:  
And in the slaughter of that monstrous beast  
Assist thy valour. Thence to *Arges* flye,  
Where by our sword th'vsurper next must dye.

*Beller.* We are proud of your assistance, and withall  
Assur'd of Conquest.

*Perseus*. Faire *Andromeda*,  
*Danaus* shall be your guardiant towards *Arges*,  
Where after this atchieuement we will meet,  
To giue our grand-sire freedome. Come, lets part,  
We through the ayre, you towards *Darreine* towre,  
Where Tragicke ruine *Pretus* shall deuoure. *Exeunt.*

*Enter K. Pretus, and Q. Aurea.*

*Pretus*. *Aurea*, we were too hasty in our doome,  
To loose that knight, whose arme protected vs,  
Whose fame kept all our neighbour Kings in awe:  
Nor was our state confirm'd, but in his life.

*Aurea*. Let Traitors perish, and their plots decay,  
And we still by diuine assistance sway.

*Pretus*. But say some Prince should plot *Acrisius* rescue,  
Inuade great *Arges*, or siege *Darreine* tower,  
Then should we wish *Bellerophon* againe,  
To expose their fury, and their pride restraine.

*Aurea*. To cut off all these feares, cut off *Acrisius*,  
Appeare to him a brother full as mercilesse  
As he a cruell father, to his childe,  
The beauteous *Danae* and her infant sonne.

*Pretus*. Onely his ruine must secure our state,  
And he shall dye to cut off future claime  
Vnto this populous kingdome we enioy.  
Our guard, command our captiue brother hither,  
Whom we this day must sentence. Oh *Bellerophon*!

Thy

*The Silver Age.*

Thy wrongs I halfe suspect thy doome: Repent,  
Since all thy acts proclaime thee innocent.

*Guar.* Behold the King your brother. *Acisus brought in*  
*Pretus.* We thus sentence *by the guard.*

Thy life *Acisus*, thou that hadst the heart  
To thrust thy childe into a mastlesse boate;  
With a faire hopefull Prince, vnto the fury  
And rage of the remorselesse windes and waues:  
To doome these innocent Ladies to the fire,  
That were her faultlesse guardians, the like sentence  
Receiue from vs: We doome thee imminent death  
Without delay or pause. Beare to the blocke  
The tyrant, he that could not vse his raigne  
With clemency, we thus his rage restraine.

*Acis.* Thou shew'st thy selfe in rigor pittifull,  
And full of mercy in thy cruelty,  
To take away that life, which to enioy  
Were many deaths, hauing my *Danao* lost  
With her sonne *Perseus*: hauing lost my kingdome,  
All through the vaine feares of Prophetike spellles:  
Why should I wish a wretched life to saue,  
That may rest happy in a peacefull graue?

*Pre.* What shout is that? the proiect? *A flourish and a shout.*

*Gentl.* Strange and admirable. *Enter a gentleman.*

*Bellerophon* and a braue strange knight,  
Both crownd in bloud in the *Chimeras* spoyle,  
Haue cleft the ayre on a swift winged steede,  
And in your Court alighted; both their swords  
Bath'd in the Serpents bloud, they brandish still,  
As if they yet some monster had to kill.

*Pretus.* *Bellerophon* return'd?  
Thou hast amaz'd vs.

*Enter Perseus, Danaus, and Bellerophon, with Andromeda.*

*Kill Pretus and Aurea, beat away the rest of the guard.*

*Perseus* One monster (then the rude *Chimere* more fell)  
That's *Pretus*, *Danaos* sonne must send to hell.

*Pretus.* Treason. Our guard.



*The Silver Age.*

*Perseus.* Lives there a man, the tyrant *Pretus* dead,  
Saith that the Crowne shall not inuest his head?

*Alt.* We all stand for the King *Acrisius*.

*Perf.* Then by his generall sufferage once more raigne,  
Since by our hand th'vsurper here lyes slaine.

*Acrisius.* Our hopelesse life, and new inuested state,  
Strikes not so deepe into *Acrisius* ioyes,  
As when he heares the name of *Danae* sonne.  
Lives *Danae*?

*Perseus.* Grand-fire, thy faire daughter liues  
A potent *Queene*: we *Perseus* are her sonne,  
This *Danae* your hopesfull grand-childe too:  
Nor let me quite forget *Andromeda*,  
By *Perseus* sword freed from the huge Sea-whale,  
And now ingraft into your royall line.

*Acris.* Diuide my soule amongst you, and impart  
My life, my state, my kingdome, and my heart.  
Oh had I *Danae* here, my ioyes to fill,  
I truely then should be immortalis'd.  
Renowned *Perseus*, *Danae* inly deere,  
And you bright Lady, faire *Andromeda*,  
You are to me a stronger sort of ioy  
Then *Darreines* brasle, which no siege can destroy.

*Dana.* My gran-fires sight doth promise as much blisse,  
As can *Elisium*, or those pleasant fields,  
Where the blest soules inhabite.

*Andro.* You are to me  
As life on earth, in death eternity.

*Acrisius.* Let none presume our purpose to controule:  
For our decree is like the doome of Gods  
Fixt and vnchanging: *Perseus* we create  
Great *Arges* King, crown'd with this wreath of state.

*Perseus.* With like applause, and sufferage shall be scene,  
The faire *Andromeda* crown'd *Arges* *Queene*.

*Acrisius.* Onely the *Darreine* tower I still reserue  
In that to pennance me a life retir'd,  
And I in that shall proue the Oracle.



*The Silver Age.*

Faire *Danaus* sonne instated in my throne,  
Shall thus confine me to an Arch of stone.  
There will I liue, attended by my guard,  
And leaue to thee the manadge of my Realme,  
Our will is law, which none that beares vs well,  
Will striue by word or action to refell.

*Perf.* The Gods behest with your resolute agree  
To increase in vs this growing maiesty.  
*Bellerephon*, we make thee next our selfe  
Of state in *Arges*: *Danaus* you shall hence,  
To cheere our mother in these glad reports,  
And to succeed *Pelomus*: but first stay,  
Rights due to vs ere we the state can sway.

Actus 2. Scena. 1.

HOMER.

'Alacke!' earths ioyes are but short-liv'd, and last  
But like a puffe of breath which (thin) is past.  
*Acrisius* in his fortresse liues retir'd,  
Kept with a strong guard: *Perseus* reignes sole King,  
Who in himselfe one sad night long desir'd  
To see his grand-fire some gladnewes to bring,  
Whom the stearne warders (in the night) unknowne,  
Seeke to keepe backe, whence all his griefe is growne.

A dumbe shew.

Enter 6 warders, to them *Perseus*, *Danaus*, *Bellerephon* and  
*Andromeda*: *Perseus* takes his leave of them to go towards the  
tower: the warders repulse him, he draws his sword. In the tu-  
mult enter *Acrisius* to pacifie them, and in the hurly-burly is  
slaine by *Perseus*, who laments his death. To them *Bellerephon*  
and the rest: *Perseus* makes *Bellerephon* King of *Arges*, and  
with *Danaus* and *Andromeda* departs.

HOMER.

*Perseus* repulst, the stardy Warder strikes,

The Silver Age.

This breeds a tumult, out their weapons fly;  
 Acrisius heares their clamours and their strikes,  
 And downe descends this broyle to pacifie;  
 Not knowing whence it growes; and in this brall,  
 Acrisius by his grand-childes hand doth fall.  
 The Oracle's fulfil'd, hee's turn'd to stone,  
 That's to his marble grave, by Danaes sonne;  
 Which in the Prince breeds such lament and mone,  
 That longer there to reigne hee'l not be worne:

But first Bellerephon he will inuest,  
 And after makes his travels towards the East.  
 Of Iupiter now deifi'd and made  
 Supreme of all the Gods, we next proceed:

Your suppositions now must lend vs ayd,  
 That he can all things (as a God indeed.)  
 Our sceane is Thebes: here faire Alcmena dwells,  
 Her husband in his warfare thrives abroad,  
 And by his chivalry his foes expels.  
 He absent, now descends th' Olympicke God,  
 Inamored of Alcmena, and trans-shapes  
 Himselfe into her husband: Ganimed:  
 He makes assistant in his amorous rapes,  
 Whilst he preferres the earth fore Iunoes bed.

Lend vs your wonted patience without scorne,  
 To finde how Hercules was got and borne,

Enter Amphitrio with two Captaines and Socia with drum and  
 colours: hee brings in the head of a crowned King, sweares the  
 Lords to the obeysance of Thebes. They present him with a  
 standing bowle, which hee lockes in a Casket, and sending his  
 man with a letter before to his wife, with news of his victory. He  
 with his followers, and Blepharo the minister of the ship, mar-  
 cheth after.

HOMER.

Creon that now reignes here, the Theban King,  
 Alcmenaes husband great Amphitrio made

His

### The Silver Age.

His Generall, who to his Lord doth bring  
His enemies head that did his land invade.  
Thinke him returning home, but sends before  
By letters to acquaint his beauteous wife  
Of his successe, himselfe in sight of shore  
Must land this night: where many a doubtfull strife  
Amongst them growes, but Ioue himselfe descends,  
Cuts off my speech, and heere my Chorus ends.

Thunder and lightning. Iupiter descends in a cloude.

*Iup.* Earth before heauen, we once more haue preferd:  
Beauty that workes into the hearts of Gods:  
As it hath power to mad the thoughts of men,  
So euen in vs it hath attraction.  
The faire *Alomena* like the Sea-mans Starre  
Shooting her glistering beauty vp to heauen,  
Hath puld from thence the olimpick *Iupiter*  
By vertue of thy raies, let *Inno* skold,  
And with her clamours fill the eares of heauen,  
Let her bee like a Bachinall in rage,  
And through our christall pallace breath exclames,  
With her quicke feete the galaxia weare,  
And with inquisitiue voice search through the Spheares.  
Shee shall not find vs here, or should she see vs,  
Can shee distinguish vs being thus transhapt;  
Where's *Ganimed*? we sent him to suruey  
*Amphitrioes* Pallace, where we meane to lodge

*Enter Ganimed shapt like Socia.*

In happy time return'd: now *Socia*.

*Gani.* Indeed that's my name, as sure  
As your's is *Amphitrio*.

*Iup.* Three nights I haue put in one to take our fill  
Of dalliance with this beauteous *Theban* dame.  
A powerfull charme is cast or'e *Phœbus* eies:  
Who sleepest this night within the euxine sea,  
And till the third day shall forget his charge



○ *The Silver Age.*

To mount the golden chariot of the Sunne,  
The Antipodes to vs, shall haue a day  
Of three daies length. Now at this houre is fought  
By *Iosua* Duke vnto the Hebrew Nation,  
(Who are indeede the Antipodes to vs)  
His famous battle 'gainst the *Cananites*,  
And at his orison the Sunne stands still,  
That he may haue there slaughter, *Ganimed*  
Go knocke and get vs entrance.

*Exit Iupiter.*

*Gani.* Before I knocke, let mee a little determine with  
my selfe, If I be accessary to *Iupiter* in his amorous purpose, I  
am little better then a parcell guilt baud, but must excuse my  
selfe thus, *Ganimed* is now not *Ganimed*, And if this impu-  
tation be put vpon mee, let it light vpon *Socia*, whom I am  
now to personate; but I am too long in the Prologue of  
this merry play we are to act, I will knocke, and the Ser-  
uingmen shall enter.

1. *Seruing.* Who knocks so late?

*Gani.* Hee that must in, open for *Socia*,  
Who brings you newes home of the *Theban* warres.

2. *Ser.* *Socia* returned.

*Enter 3. Seruingmen.*

3. *Ser.* Vnhurt, vnslaine?

*Gani.* Euen as you see, and how, and how?

1. *Ser.* *Socia*? let me haue an armesfull of thee.

*Gani.* Armesfulls, and handfulls too, my boyes.

2. *Ser.* The news, the news, how doth my Lord *Amphitrio*?

*Gani.* Nay, how doth my Lady *Alcmena*, some of you  
cary her word my Lord will be heere presently.

1. *Ser.* I'll be the messenger of these glad newes.

2. *Ser.* I'll haue a hand in't too.

3. *Ser.* I'll not be last. *Exeunt Seruingmen.*

*Gani.* They are gone to informe their Lady, who will  
bee ready to intertaine a counterfeite Lord, *Iupiter* is prepa-  
ring himselfe to meet *Alcmena*, *Alcmena*, she to encounter  
*Iupiter*, her beauty hath enchanted him, his metamorphosis  
must beguile her: al's put to prooffe, I'll into furnish my Lord,  
whilst my fellow seruants attend their Lady: they come.

*Enter*



*The Silver Age.*

*Enter at one dore Alcmena, Thessala, 4. Servingmen; at the other  
Iupiter shapt like Amphitrio to Ganimed.*

*Alcm.* But are you sure you spake with *Socia*?  
And did hee tell you of *Amphitrios* health?

*1. Ser.* Madam, I assure you, wee spake with *Socia*, and  
my *L. Amphitrio* will be here instantly.

*Alcm.* Vsher me in a costly banquet straight  
To entertaine my Lord, let all the windowes  
Glister with lights like starres, cast sweete perfumes  
To breath to heauen their odoriferous aires,  
And tell the Gods my husband's safe return'd,  
If you be sure 'twas *Socia*.

*2. Ser.* Madam take my life, if it be not true.

*Alcm.* Then praise be to the highest *Iupiter*,  
Whose powerfull arme gaue strength vnto my Lord  
To worke his safety through these dangerous warres,  
Hang with our richest workes our chambers round,  
And let the roome wherein we rest to night,  
Flow with no lesse delight, then *Iuno's* bed  
When in her armes she claspeth *Iupiter*,

*Imp.* I'll fill thy bed with more delighfull sweetes,  
Then when with *Mars* the *Ciprian Venus* meetes.

*Alcm.* See how you stir for odours, lightes, choise cates,  
Spices, and wines, is not *Amphitrio* comming  
With honour from the warres? where's your attendance?  
Sweete waters, costly ointments, pretious bathes,  
Let me haue all, for tast, touch, smell, and sight,  
All his fiue senses wee will feast this night.

*Imp.* 'Tis time to appeare, *Alcmena*:

*Alcm.* My deere Lord.

*Gani.* It workes, it workes, now for *Iuno* to set a  
Skold betweene them.

*A banquet brought in.*

*Alcm.* Oh may these armes that guarded *Thobri* and vs,  
Be euer thus my girdle, that in them

*The Silver Age.*

I may liue euer safe, welc ome *Amphitrio*  
A banquet, lights, attendance; good my Lord  
Tell mee your warres discourse.

*Imp.* Sit faire *Alcmena*.

*Alcm.* Proceede my dearest loue.

*Imp.* I as great Generall to the *Theban* King,  
March't gainst the *Teleboans*: who make head  
And offer vs encounter: both our Armies  
Are cast in forme, well fronted, sleeu'd and wing'd  
Wee throw our vowes to heauen, the Trumpets sound,  
The battels signall, now beginnes the incursions,  
The earth beneath our armed burdens groanes,  
Shootes from each side reuerberat gainst heauen,  
With Arrowes and with Darts the aire growes darke  
And now confusion ruffles, Heere the shoutes  
Of Victors sound, there groanes of death are heard,  
Slaughter on all sides; still our eminent hand  
Towers in the aire a victor, whilst the enemy  
Haue their despoyled helmets crown'd in dust.  
Wee stand, they fall, yet still King *Ptelera*  
Striues to make head, and with a fresh supply  
Takes vp the mid-field: him *Amphitrio* fronts  
With equall armes, wee the two Generals  
Fight hand to hand, but *Ioue* omnipotent  
Gaueme his life and head, which we to morrow  
Must giue to King *Creon*.

*Alcm.* All my orisons  
Fought on your side, and with their powerfull weight,  
Added vnto the ponder of your sword,  
To make it heauy on the Burgonet  
Of slaughtered *Ptelera*.

*Imp.* I for my reward,  
Had by the Subjects of that conquered King  
A golden cup presented, the choice boule  
In which the slaughtered Tyrant vs'd to quaffe. *Socia*.

*Gani.* My Lord.

*Imp.* The cup, see faire *Alcmena*.

*The Silver Age.*

*Gani.* This cup *Mercury* stole out of *Amphitrioes* casket, but al's one as long as it is truly deliuered.

*Alcm.* In this rich boule I'le onely quasse your health,  
Or vse, when to the Gods I sacrifice.  
Is our chamber ready?

*Inp.* Gladly I'de to bed,  
Where I will mix with kisses my discourse,  
And tell the whole proiect.

*Alcm.* Mirth abound,  
Through all these golden roofes let musicke sound,  
To charme my Lord to soft and downy rest.

*Inp.* Come light vs to our sheetes.

*Alcm.* *Amphitrioes* head  
Shall heere be pillowed, light's then and to bed.

*Exeunt with Torches.*

*Gani.* Alas poore *Amphitrio* I pittie thee that art to be made  
cuckold against thy wiues will, she is honest in her worst di-  
shonesty, and chaste in the superlatiue degree of in chastity:  
but I am set heere to keepe the gate: now to my office.

*Enter Socia with a letter.*

*Socia.* Heere's a night of nights, I thinke the Moone  
stands stil and all the Stars are a sleepe, he that driues *Charles*  
wayne is taking a nap in his cart, for they are all at a stand,  
this night hath bene as long as two nights already, and I  
thinke 'tis now entring on the third; I am glad yet that out  
of this vtter darkenes I am come to see lights in my Ladies  
Pallace: there will be simple newes for her when I shall tell  
her my Lord is comming home.

*Gani.* 'Tis *Socia* and *Amphitrioes* man, sent before to  
tell his Lady of her husband, I must preuent him.

*Socia.* This night will neuer haue an end, he that hath hired  
a wench to lie with him all this night, hath time enough I  
thinke to take his peny worths, but I'le knocke.

*Gani.* I charge thee not to knock here least thou be knocked.

*Socia.* What not at my Maisters gate.

*Gani.* I charge thee once more, tell mee whose thou art?  
whether thou goest, and wherefore thou comest?



*The Silver Age.*

*Socia.* Hither I go, I serue my Maister, and come to speak with my Lady, what art thou the wiser? nay, if thou bee'st a good fellow let me passe by thee.

*Gani.* Whom dost thou serue?

*Socia.* I serue my Lord *Amphitrio*, and am sent in hast to my Lady *Alcmena*.

*Gani.* Thy name?

*Socia.* *Socia*.

*Gani.* Base counterfeit take that, can you not be content to come sneaking to one's house in the night, to rob it, but you must likewise rob me of my name?

*Socia.* Thy name, why, what's thy name?

*Gani.* *Socia*.

*Socia.* *Socia*, and whom dost thou serue?

*Gani.* My Lord *Amphitrio* chiefe of the *Theban* Legions, and my Lady *Alcmena*, but what's that to thee?

*Socia.* Ha, ha, That's a good iest, but do you heare, If you be *Socia* my Lord *Amphitrios* man, and my Lady *Alcmenas*, Where dost thou lie.

*Gani.* Where do I lie? why in the Porters Lodge.

*Socia.* You are deceiu'd, you lie in your throate, there's but one *Socia* belongs to this house, and that am I.

*Gani.* Lie slaue, and wilt out-face mee from my name? Ile vse you like your selfe a counterfeit, *Beats him.*  
What art thou? speake?

*Socia.* I cannot tell.

*Gani.* Whom dost thou serue?

*Socia.* The time. *Gani.* Thy name?

*Socia.* Nothing.

*Gani.* Thy businesse? *Socia.* To bee beaten.

*Gani.* And what am I?

*Socia.* What you will. *Gani.* Am not I *Socia*?

*Socia.* If you be not, I would you were so, to be beaten in my place.

*Gani.* I knew my L. had no seruant of that name but me.

*Socia.* Shall I speake a few coole words, and bar buffeting.

*Gani.* Speake freely.

*Socia.*

*The Silver Age.*

*Socia.* You will not strike. *Gani.* Say on.

*Socia.* I am the party you wot off, I am *Socia*, you may strike if you will, but in beating me (if you be *Socia*) I assure you, you shall but beate your selfe.

*Gani.* The fellowes mad.

*Socia.* Mad, am I not newly landed? sent hither by my Maister? Is not this our house? Do I not speake? Am I not awake? Am I not newly beaten? Do I not feele it still? And shall I doubt I am not my selfe? come, come, I'll in and doe my message.

*Gani.* Sirrah, I haue indured you with much impatience, Wilt thou make me beleue I am not *Socia*? Was not our ships launcht out off the *Perficke* hauens? Did I not land this night? Haue we not won the Towne where *K. Ptelera* raign'd? Haue we not orethrowne the *Teleboans*? Did not my Lord *Amphitrion* kill the King hand to hand? And did hee not send mee this night with a letter to certify my Lady *Alcmena* of all these newes.

*Socia.* I beginne to mistrust my selfe, all this is as true as if I had told it my selfe; but I'll try him further: What did the *Teleboans* present my Lord with after the victory.

*Gani.* With a golden cuppe in which the King himselfe vs'd to quaffe.

*Socia.* Where did I put it.

*Gani.* That I know not, but I put it into a casket, sign'd by my Lords Signet.

*Socia.* And what's the Signet?

*Gani.* The Sun rising from the East in his Chariot, But do you come to vndermine me you slaue?

*Socia.* I must go seeke some other name, I am halfe hang'd already, for my good name is lost; once more resolute me, if thou canst tell me what I did alone I will resigne thee my name: if thou bee'st *Socia*, when the battles began to ioyne, as soone as they beganne to skirmish, what didst thou?

*Gani.* As soone as they began to fight I began to runne.

*Socia.* Whither?

### *The Silver Age.*

*Gani.* Into my Lords rent, and their 'hid mee' vnder a bed.

*Socia.* I am gone, I am gone, somebody for charity sake either lend mee or giue me a name, for this I haue lost by the way, and now I looke better on he, me; or I, hee; as he hath got my name, hee hath got my shape, countenance, stature, and euery thing so right, that he can bee no other then I my owne selfe; but when I thinke that I am I, the same I euer was, know my Maister, his house, haue sence, feeling, and vnderstanding, know my message, my businesse, why should I not in to deliuer my letter to my Lady.

*Gani.* That letter is deliuered by my hand.  
My Lady knowes all, and expects her Lord,  
And I her seruant *Socia* am set heere  
To keepe such idle raskals from the gate,  
Then leaue mee, and by faire meanes, or I'll send thee leg-  
lesse, or armelesse hence.

*Socia.* Nay, thou hast rob'd me of enough already, I would bee loath to loose my name and limbes both in one night: where haue I miscaried? where bene chang'd? Did I not leaue my selfe behind in the ship when I came away, I'll euen backe to my Maister and see if hee know mee, if hee know me, if he call me *Socia*, and will beare me out in't, Il'e come backe and do my message, spight of him saies nay, Farewell selfe. *Exit.*

*Gani.* This obstacle, the father of more troubles  
I haue put off, and kept him from disturbance  
In their adulterate pattimes, faire *Alcmena*  
Is great already by *Amphitrio*  
And neere her time, and if shee proue by *Iupiter*  
He by his power and God-hood will contract  
Both births in one, to make her throwes the lesse:  
And at one instant shee shall child two issues,  
Begot by *Ioue* and by *Amphitrio*.  
The house by this long charm'd by *Hermes* rod  
Are stirring and *Ioue* gluttred with delights,  
Ready to take his leaue, through satiate



*The Silver Age.*

With amorous dalliance: parting's not so sweet  
Betweene our louers, as when first they meet.

*Enter Iupiter, Alcmena, and the servants.*

*Iupit.* My deereft loue fare-well, we Generals  
Cannot be absent from our charges long:  
I stole from th'Army to repose with thee,  
And must before the Sunne mount to his Chariot,  
Be there againe.

*Alcm.* My Lord, you come at midnight,  
And you make haste too, to be gone ere morne,  
You rise before your bed be throughly warme.

*Iup.* Fairest of our *Theban* Dames, accuse me not,  
I left the charge of Souldiers to report  
The fortune of our battailes first to thee:  
Which should the campe know, they would lay on me  
A grieuous imputation, that the beauty  
Of my faire wife, can with *Amphitrio* more  
Then can the charge of legions. As my comming  
Was secret and conceal'd, so my returne,  
Which shall be short and sudden.

*Alc.* That I feare,  
Better I had to keepe you beeing here.

*Iup.* Nay part we must sweet Lady, dry your teares.

*Alc.* You'l make my minuts months, & daies seeme yeares.

*Iup.* Your businesse ere we part?

*Alc.* Onely to pray  
You will make haste, not be too long away. Fare-well.

*Iup.* Fare-well. Come *Ganimes*, 'tis done,  
And faire *Alcmena* sped with a yong sonne. *Exit.*

*Enter Amphitrio, Socia, two Captaines with attendants.*

*Amph.* Oh Gentlemen, was euer man thus crost?  
So strangely flowted by an abiect groome?  
That either dreames, or's mad: one that speakes nothing  
Sauing impossibilities, and meerely  
False and absurd. Thus thou art here, and there,

*The Siluer Age.*

With me, at home, and at one instant both,  
In vaine are these delirements, and to me  
Most deeply incredible.

*Socia.* I am your owne, you may vse me as you please:  
One would thinke I had lost inough already, to loose my  
name, and shape, and now to loose your fauour too. Oh!

1. *Capt.* Fye *Socia*, you too much forget your selfe,  
And 'tis beyond all sufferance in your Lord,  
To vse no violent hand.

*Socia.* You may say what you will, but a truth is a truth.

2. *Capt.* But this is neither true nor probable,  
That this one body can deuide it selfe,  
And be in two set places. Fie *Socia*, fie.

*Socia.* I tell you as it is.

*Amph.* Slaue of all slaues the basest: vrge me not,  
Persist in these absurdities, and I vow  
To cut thy tongue out, haue thee scourg'd and beaten,  
Il'e haue thee flay'd.

*Socia.* You may so, you may as well take my skin as ano-  
ther take my name and phisnomy: all goes one way.

*Amph.* Tell ore thy tale againe, make it more plaine.  
Pray gentlemen your cares.

*Socia.* Then as I sayd before, so I say still: I am at home;  
do you heare? I am heare: do you see? I spake with my La-  
dy at home; yet could not come in at the gate to see her: I  
deliuered her your letter, and yet haue it still in my hand.  
Is not this plaine? do you vnderstand me? I am neither mad  
nor drunke, but what I speake is in sober sadnesse.

1. *Cap.* Fie *Socia*, fie, thou art much, too much too blame.

2. *Capt.* How dare you tempt your maisters patience  
thus?

*Amph.* Thinke not to scape thus: yet once more resolute me  
And faithfully: Do'st thou thinke it possible  
Thou canst be here and there? Be fencible,  
And tell me *Socia*.

*Socia.* 'Tis possible; nor blame I you to wonder: for it  
maruels me as much as any heere: Nor did I beleeue that  
Hee

*The Silver Age.*

Hee, my owne selfe, that is at home, till hee did conuince me with arguments, told me euery thing I did at the siege, remembred my arrand better then my selfe: Nor is water more like to water, nor milke to milke, then that He and I are to me and him: For when you sent me home about midnight—

*Amph.* What then?

*Socia.* I stood there to keepe the gate a great while before I came at it.

*Capt.* The fellow's mad.

*Socia.* I am as you see.

*Amph.* He hath been strooke by some malevolent hand.

*Socia.* Nay that's certaine: for I haue been soundly beaten.

*Amph.* Who beat thee.

*Socia.* I my owne selfe that am at home, how oft shall I tell you?

*Amph.* Sirrah, wee owe you this. Now gentlemen You that haue beene co-partners in our warres, Shall now co-part our welcome: we will visite Our beauteous wife; with whom (our businesse ended) We haue leasure to conferre.

*Enter Alcmena with her servants and Mayd.*

*Alc.* Haue you took down those hangings that were plac'd To entertaine my Lord?

1. *Seru.* Madame they are.

*Alc.* And is our priuate bed-chamber dis-roab'd Of all her beauty? to looke ruinous, Till my Lords presence shall repair't againe.

2. *Seru.* Tis done as you directed.

*Alc.* Euery chamber, Office and roome, shall in his absence looke, As if they mist their maister, and beare part With mee in my resembled widow-hood.

3. *Seru.* That needs not madame: See my Lord's return'd.

*Alc.* And made such haste to leaue me: I misdoubt Some trick in this: It is distrust or feare



*The Silver Age.*

Of my prou'd vertue : value it at best,  
'Tcan be no lesse then idle ieaiousie.

*Amph.* See bright *Alcmena*, with my sudden greeting,  
Il'e rap her soule to heauen, and make her surfet  
With ioyes aboundance. Beauteous Lady see

*Amphitrio* return'd a Conquerour,  
Glad to vnfold in his victorious armes  
Thy nine-moneth absent body, whose ripe birth  
Swels with such beauty in thy constant wombe.  
How cheeres my Lady?

*Alc.* So, so, wee'l do to her your kinde commends,  
You may make bold to play vpon your friends.

*Amph.* Ha, what language call you this, that seemes to me  
Past vnderstanding? I conceiue it not,  
Ireioyce to see you wife.

*Alc.* Yet shals haue more?  
You do but now, as you haue done before.  
Pray shewt me still, and do your selfe that right,  
To tell that ore you told me yester-night.

*Amph.* What yesternight? *Alcmena* this your greeting  
Distastes me. I but now, now, with these gentlemen  
Landed at *Thebes*, and came to do my loue  
To thee, before my duty to my King.  
This strangeness much amazeth me.

*Socia.* We haue found one *Socia*, but we are like to loose  
an *Amphitrio*.

*Alc.* Shall I be plaine my Lord? I take it ill,  
That you, whom I receiue'd late yester-night,  
Gaue you my freest welcome, feasted you,  
Lodg'd you, and but this morning, two houres since  
Tooke leaue of you with teares, that your returne  
So sudden, should be furnisht with such scorne.

*Amph.* Gentlemen, I feare the madness of my man  
Is fled into her braine, be these my witnesse,  
I am but newly landed : witnesse these  
With whom I haue not parted.

*1. Capt.* In this we needs must take our Generals part,

And

*The Siluer Age.*

And witnesse of his side.

*Alc.* And bring you witnesse to suggest your wrongs,  
Against you two I can oppose all these.  
Receiu'd I not *Amphitrio* yester-night?

*1. Seru.* I assure you my Lord remember your selfe, you  
were here yester-nighr.

*All.* 'Tis most certaine.

*Amph.* These villaines all are by my wife suborn'd,  
To seeke to mad me. Gentlemen pray list,  
Wee'l giue this errour scope: Pray at what time  
Gaue you me entertainment the last night?

*Alc.* As though you know not? Well, Il'e fit your humor,  
And tell you what you better know then I.  
At mid-night.

*Amph.* At mid-night: Pray obserue that Gentlemen,  
At mid-night we were in discourse a boord  
Of my Commission: *2. Capt.* I remembr't well.

*Amph.* What did we then at mid-night?

*Alc.* Sate to banquet.

*1. Seru.* Where I waited. *2. Seru.* So did we all.

*Amph.* And I was there at banquet.

*3. Seru.* Your Lordship's merry: do you make a question  
of that? *Alc.* At banquet you discourst the Inter-view  
Betweene the *Theleboans* and your hoast.

*Amph.* Belike then you can tell vs our successe,  
Ere we that are the first to bring these newes  
Can vtter it.

*Alc.* Your Lordship's pleasant still.  
The battailes ioyn'd, cryes past on either side,  
Long was the skirmish doubtfull, till the *Thebans*  
Opprest the *Theleboans*: but the battaile  
Was by the King renewed: who face to face  
And hand to hand, met with *Amphitrio*:  
You fought, and arme to arme in single combar,  
Troad on his head a Victor.

*Amph.* How came you by this?

*Alc.* As though you told it not.

*The Silver Age.*

*Amph.* Well then, after banquet?

*Alc.* We kist, embrac'd, our chamber was made ready.

*Amph.* And then? *Alc.* To bed we went.

*Amph.* And there? *Alc.* You slept in these my armes.

*Amph.* Strumpet, no more.

Madnesse and impudence contend in thee,  
Which shall afflict me most.

*Alc.* Your iealousie

And this imposterous wrong, neapes on me iniuries  
More then my sex can beare: you had best deny  
The gift you gaue me too.

*Amph.* Oh heauen! what gift?

*Alc.* The golden Cup the *Theleboans* King  
Vs'd still to quaffe in.

*Amph.* Indeed I had such purpose,  
But that I keepe safe lock't. Shew me the bowle.

*Alc.* *Theffala*, the standing cup *Amphitrio* gaue me  
Last night at banquet, ther's the key.

*Theffal.* I shall.

1. *Capt.* My Lord, ther's much amazement in the opening of these strange doubts, the more you seeke to vnfold them, the more they puzle vs.

2. *Capt.* How came she by the notice  
And true recitall of the battailes fortune?

*Amph.* That hath this villaine told her, on my life.

*Soc.* Nor I, I disclaime it, vnlesse it were my tother selfe, I haue no hand in it. *Enter Theffala with the cup.*

*Theffal.* Madame, the bowle.

*Alc.* Restor't *Amphitrio*,  
I am not worthy to be trusted with it.

*Amph.* The forme, the mettall, and the grauing too.  
Tis somewhat strange. *Socia*, the casket streight.

*Socia.* Here fir.

*Amph.* What, is my signet safe? *Soc.* Vntouch't.

*Amph.* Then will I shew her streight that bowle  
The *Theleboans* gaue me. Wher's my key?

*Soc.* Here fir. This is the strangest that ere I heard, I *Socia*  
have



*The Silver Age.*

haue begot another *Socia*, my Lord *Amphitrio* hath begot another *Amphitrio*. Now, if this golden bowle haue begot another golden bowle, we shall be all twin'd and doubled.

*Amph.* Behold an empty casket.

*Alc.* This notwithstanding you deny your gift,  
Our meeting, banquet, and our sportfull night.  
Your mornings parting.

*Amph.* All these I deny  
As false, and past all nature, yet this goblet  
Breeds in me wonder, with the true report  
Of our warres proiect: But I am my selfe  
New landed with these Captaines, and my men,  
Deny all banquets and affaires of bed,  
Which thou shalt deerely answere.

*Alc.* Aske your seruants  
If I mis-say in ought.

1. *Seru.* My Lord, there is nothing said by my Lady, but  
we are eye-witnesses of, and will iustifie on our oathes.

*Amph.* And will you tempt me still?  
*Socia*, run to the ship, bring me the maister,  
And he shall with these Captaines iustifie  
On my behalfe, whilst I reuenge my selfe  
On these false seruants, that support their Lady  
In her adulterous practise. Villaines, dogges.

1. *Capt.* Patience my Lord. *Amphitrio beats in his own, Exit.*

*Alc.* Nay let him still proceed,  
That hauing kild them, I may likewise bleed.  
His frensie is my death, life I despise,  
These are the fruits of idle iealousies.

Yonder he comes againe, *Enter Iupiter.*  
So soone appeas'd,  
And from his fury: I shall nere forget  
This iniury, till I haue paid his debt.

*Iupiter.* What sad *Alcmene*? Pre'thee pardon me,  
'Twas but my humour, and I now am sorry.  
Nay whither turn'st thou?

*Alcm.* All the wit I haue,

*The Silver Age.*

I must expresse: borne to be made a slaue :  
I wonder you can hold your hands, not strike,  
If I a strumpet be, and wrong your bed,  
Why doth not your rude hand assault this head?

*Inp.* Oh my sweet wife, of what I did in sport,  
Condemne me not: If needs, then chide me for't.

*Alc.* Was it because I was last night to free  
Of courteous dalliance, that you iniure me?  
Was I too lauish of my loue? Next night  
Feare not, Il'e keepe you short of your delight:  
Il'e learne to keepe you off, and seeme more coy,  
You shall no more sit in excesse of ioy,  
Looke for't hereafter.

*Inp.* Punish me I pray.

*Alc.* Giue me my dower and Il'e be gone away:  
Leaue you to your harsh humors, and base strife,  
Onely the honour of a vertuous wife  
Il'e beare along; my other substance keepe:  
For in a widowed bed Il'e henceforth sleepe.

*Inp.* By this right hand, which you *Amphitrio* owe,  
My wrongs henceforth shall nere afflict you so.  
Speake, are we friends? By this soft kisse I sweare,  
No Lady liuing is to me like deare.  
These nuptiall brawles oft-times more loue beget:  
The rauishing pleasures, when last night we met  
We will redouble. These hands shall not part  
Till we be reconcil'd.

*Alc.* You haue my heart; nor can my anger last.

*Inp.* Faire loue then smile. *Enter Blepharo and Socia.*  
And let our lips our hearts thus reconcile.

*Bleph.* Thou tel'st me wonders.

*Socia.* I assure you there are two *Socia's*, and for ought I  
can heare, there are two *Amphitrio's*: we were in hope to  
haue two golden bowles. Now if your ship can get two  
maisters, you wil be simply furnish't to sea. But see my Lord  
and my Lady are friends; let vs be partakers of their recon-  
cilement.

*Bleph.*

*The Siluer Age.*

*Bleph.* Haile to the generall: you sent to me my Lord.

*Inc.* True *Blepharo*:

But things are well made euen, and we attoned,

Your chiefeſt busineſſe is to feaſt with vs.

Attend vs *Socia*. Faire *Alcmena* now

We are both one, combin'd by oath and vow. *Exeunt.*

*Socia*. Ther's muſicke in this: If they feaſt Il'e feaſt with them, and make my belly amends for all the blowes receiu'd vpon my backe.

*Enter Ganimed.*

*Gan.* *Iupiter* and *Alcmena* are entred at the backe gate, whilſt *Amphitrio* is beating his ſeruants out at the fore-gate. Als in vp-rore: I do but watch to ſee him out in the ſtreet, to ſhut the gates againſt him. But yonder is *Socia*, Il'e paſſe by him without ſpeaking.

*Socia*. I ſhould haue ſeene your face when I haue look't my ſelfe in a glaſſe, your ſweet phiſnomy, ſhould be of my acquaintance: I will not paſſe him without Conge.

*They paſſe with many ſtrange Conges.*

*Enter Amphitrio, beating before him his ſeruants, the two Captaines, they meet with Ganimed.*

*Amph.* Villaines, dogges, diuels.

*1. Capt.* Noble Generall.

*Amph.* Theſe wrongs are too indigne. *Socia* return'd? Where's *Blepharo*?

*Gan.* I haue ſought him a boord; but he is in the Citty to ſee ſome of his friends, and will not returne till dinner. Now for a trick to ſhut the gates vpon him. *Exit.*

*Amph.* Patience, if thou haſt any power on earth, Infuſe it here, or I theſe hypocrites, Theſe baſe ſuggeſters of their Ladies wrongs, Shall to the death purſue.

*2. Capt.* Finde for their puniſhment  
Some more deliberate ſeaſon: ſleepe vpon't,  
And by an order more direct and plaine



*The Siluer Age.*

Void of this strange confusion, censure them.

*Amphi.* Sir, you aduise well, I will qualify  
This heate of rage: now I haue beate them forth  
Let's in and see my wife, *Socia* stolne hence  
And the gates shut, let's knocke.

*Knockes, enter*

*Ganimed above.*

*Gani.* What Ruffin's that that knocks? you thinke belike  
the nailes of our dores are as sawcy as your selfe, that they  
neede beating.

*Amphi.* *Socia* I am thy Lord *Amphitrio*.

*Gani.* Your are a fooles head of your owne, are you not?

*Amphi.* Ruffin and foole. (tisfied.

*Gani.* Take coxcombe and asse along, if you bee not sa-

*Amphi.* Do you condemne me now, pray Gentlemen  
Do me but right, haue I iust cause to rage?

Can you that haue perswaded mee to peace

Brooke this? oh for some battering engine heere

To race my Pallace walles, or some iron Ramme

To plant against these gates,

*Gani.* Sirrah, I'll make you eate these words, stay but  
till I come downe, I'll send you thence with a vengeance, I  
am now comming, looke to't, I'll tickle you with your  
counterfeit companions there. *Exit.*

1. *Cap.* This is too much, 'tis not to be indured.

*Amphi.* I wish of heauen to haue no longer life then  
once more to behold him, hee shall pay for all the rest.

2. *Cap.* He promist to come downe.

*Enter Socia and Blepharo.*

1. *Cap.* And I thinke hee will, for harke, I heare the  
gates open.

*Amphi.* Forbeare a little, note the villaines humor.

*Socia.* Al's quiet within, I'll go helpe to fetch my Lords  
stufte from ship, but see, he's out of the gates before vs,  
which way came hee?

*Bleph.* Hee hath made hast.

*Socia.* I thinke he hath crept through the key-hole.

*Amph.* Nay, I'll be patient feare not, note my humor: *Socia.*

*Socia.*

*The Silver Age.*

*Socia.* My Lord.

*Amphi.* My honest *Blepharo* I'll talke with you anone, my faithfull seruant, who past this house to you, that you haue power to keepe the Maister out? tell me, what know you by your faire Mistresse, that you call your Lord coxcombe and asse, (nay I am patient still) *Amphitrides* name is heere forgot, foole, ruffin are nothing, them I pardon; now you are downe, when do you beate me head-long from the gate, and these my counterfeit companions hence.

*Socia.* Who I, I, is your Lordship as wise as God might haue made you, I

*Amphi.* You see we are here still, when doe you strike, what? not: Then I'll beginne with you.

*Bleph.* *Amphitrio.*

*Socia.* My Lord's mad, helpe Gentlemen.

*Bleph.* If you be Gentlemen and loue *Amphitrio*, Or if you know me to be *Blepharo* Your Maister that transported you by sea Giue not this madnesse scope, vpon my credit *Socia* is guiltlesse of this false surmise.

*Amphi.* Is *Blepharo* turn'd mad too.

*Bleph.* Generall no, It pitties me that left you late so milde And in such peacefull conference with your wife So suddenly to finde you lunaticke; Pray helpe to bind him Gentlemen.

*Amphi.* So, so, am I abus'd or no, speake fellow souldiers.

*1. Cap.* Insufferable, and yet forbear your rage, Breath, breath, vpon't and find some other leasure These errors to determine. Enter *Iupiter*, *Alcmena*, *Ganimed* before, all the seruants running fearefully.

*Amphi.* Well, I will.

*Socia.* Yonder's my brother, my same selfe.

*Bleph.* Two *Socia*'s, two *Amphitrio*es.

*1. Cap.* Coniuring, witch-craft.

*Iup.* Friends and my fellow souldiers, you haue dealt Vnfriendly with mee, to besiege my house

With

### The Silver Age.

With these exclamings, to bring Imposters hither.  
Is there no law in *Thebes*? will *Creon* suffer me  
For all my service, to be iniur'd thus?

*Amph.* Bee'st thou infernall hagge, or fiend incarnate,  
I coniure thee.

*Imp.* Friends, I appeale to you :  
When haue you knowne me mad? when rage and rauce?  
Shall my humanity and mildnesse thus  
Be recompens't? to be out-brau'd, out-fac'd  
By some deluding Fairy? To haue my seruants  
Beat from my gates? my Generall house disturb'd,  
My wife full growne, and groaning, ready now  
To inuoke *Lucina*, to be check't and scorn'd?  
Examine all my deeds, *Amphitrioes* mildnesse  
Had neuer reference to this Iuglers rage.

1. *Capt.* Sure this is the Generall, he was euer a milde Gentleman : Il'e follow him.

2. *Capt.* There can be but one *Amphitrio*, and this appears to be he by his noble carriage.

*Bleph.* This is that *Amphitrio* I conducted by sea :

1. *Serv.* My Lord was neuer mad-man. This shall be my maister.

*All.* And mine.

*Alc.* This is my husband.

*Soc.* Il'e euen make bold to go with the best.

*Gan.* Soft sir, the true *Socia* must goe with the true *Amphitrio*.

*Amph.* Oh thou omnipotent thunder! strike *Amphitrio*,  
And free me from this labyrinth.

*Imp.* Gentlemen,  
My house is free to you; onely debar'd  
These Counterfets : These gates that them exclude,  
Stand open to you : Enter, and taste our bounty,  
Attend vs. Lasse poore *Amphitrio*,  
I must confesse I do thee too much wrong,  
To keep thee in these maze of doubts so long;  
Which here shall end : For *Iuno* I espy,

Who



*The Silver Age.*

Who all our amorous pastimes sees from hye:  
As she descends, so must I mount the spheares  
To stop her, lest she thunder in our eares.

*Exeunt all but Amphitrio and Socia.*

*Amph.* What art thou?

*Soc.* Nay, what art thou?

*Amph.* I am not my selfe.

*Soc.* You would not belecue me when I sayd I was not  
my selfe: why should I belecue you?

*Amph.* Art thou *Socia*?

*Soc.* That's more then I can resolute you: for the world  
is growne so dangerous, a man dares scarce make bold with  
his owne name; but I am he was sent with a letter to my  
Lady.

*Amph.* And I am he that sent thee with that letter,  
Yet dare not say I am *Amphitrio*;  
My wife, house, friends, my seruants all deny me.

*Soc.* You haue reason to loue me the better, since none  
sticks to you but I.

*Amph.* Let all yon starry structure from his busses  
Shrinke to the earth, that the whole face of heauen  
Falling vpon forlorne *Amphitrio*,  
May like a marble monumentall stone,  
Lye on me in my graue. Eternall sleepe  
Cast a nocturnall filme before these eyes,  
That they may nere more gaze vpon yon heauens;  
That haue beheld my shame: or sleepe. or death  
Command me shut these opticke windowes in:  
My braine is coffin'd in a bed of lead,  
'Tis cold and heauy; be my pillow *Socia*:  
For I must sleepe.

*Soc.* And so must I, pray make no noyse, for waking me  
or my maister.

*They sleepe.*

*Iuno and Iris descend from the heauens.*

*Iuno.* Iris away, I haue found th'adulterer now:  
Since *Mercury* faire *Ioe's* keeper slew,  
The hundred-eyed *Argus*, I haue none

*The Silver Age.*

To dogge and watch him when he leaues the heauens.  
No sooner did I misse him, but I sought  
Heauen, sea, and earth: I brib'd the sunne by day,  
And starres by night; but all their ieaious eyes  
He with thicke mists hath blinded, and so scap't.  
*Iris* my Raine-bow threw her circle round,  
If he had beene on earth, to haue clasp't him in,  
And kept him in the circle of her armes  
Till she had cal'd for *Iuno*: But her search  
He soone deluded in his flye trans-shapes.  
And till I saw here two *Amphitruoes*,  
I had not once suspected him in *Thebes*.  
Roab'd all in wrath, and clad in scarlet fury,  
I come to be aueng'd vpon that strumpet  
That durst presume to adulterate *Innoes* bed.  
Pull me from heauen (faire *Iris*) a blacke cloud,  
From which Il'e fashion me a beldams shape,  
And such a powerfull charme Il'e cast on her,  
As that her bastard-brats shall nere be borne;  
But make her wombe their Tombes. *Iris* away.

*Iris*. I flye Madame.

*Exit Iris*.

*Iuno*. No, these are mortals, and not them I seeke.  
I feare me if he heare of me in *Thebes*,  
He (with his Minion) streight will mount the heauens.  
But let him sear him on the loftiest spire  
Heauen hath: or place me in the lowest of hell,  
Il'e reach him with my clamours.

*Socia*. Hey-ho, now am I dream'd of a scold.

*Enter Iris with a habit.*

*Iuno*. But *Iris* is return'd: Rage, feast thy fill,  
Till I the mother sleigh, the bastards kill.

*Exit Iuno*.

*Thunder and lightning. All the seruants run out of the house af-  
frighted, the two Captains and Blepharo, Amphitrio and So-  
cia amazedly awake: Iupiter appears in his glory vnder a  
Raine-bow, to whom they all kneele.*

*Iup*. The Thunderer, Thunderers, and the Lord of feare,  
Bids

### *The Silver Age.*

Bids thee not feare at all *Amphitrio*.

*Ioue*, that against the *Theleboans* gaue thee

The palme of Conquest, and hath crown'd thy browes

With a victorious wreath, commands thy peace

With faire *Alcmena*, she that neuer bosom'd

Mortall, saue thee; The errors of thy seruants

Forbeare to punish, as forgot by vs,

And finde vs to thy prayers propitious.

Thy wife full growne, inuokes *Lucinaes* ayd:

Send in to cheare her in her painefull throwes.

Hers, and thy Orisons wee'l beare to heauen;

And they in all your greatest doubts and feares,

Shall haue access to our immortall eares.

*Amph.* *Ioue* is our patron, and his power our awe,  
His maicesty our wonder: will, our law.

*Iup.* Our Act thus ends, we would haue all things cūen,  
Smile you on earth whilst we reioyce in heauen.

### Actus 3.

*Enter Homer one way, Iuno another.*

*Homer.* Behold where *Iuno* comes, and with a spell  
Shuts up the wombe by which *Ioues* sonne must passe:  
For whilst shee Crosse-leg'd sits (as old wines tell,  
And with clutch't hands) there is no way alas  
For faire *Alcmena's* childing. All those wines  
That heare her painfull throwes, are in dispaire:  
Yet in her wombe the *Ioue-bred* Issue strives:  
Three dayes are past, her paines still greater are.  
But note a womans wit, though *Iuno* smile.  
A Beldams braine the Goddesse shall beguile.

*Iuno.* Ha, ha! Now *Ioue* with thy omnipotence,  
Make (if thou canst) way for thy bastards birth,  
Whose passage I thus binde, and in this knot  
Which till their deaths, shall neuer be dissolu'd,



*The Silver Age.*

I haue power to strangle all the charmes of hell.  
Nor powers of heauen shall streight me, till the deaths  
Of yon adulteresse and her mechall brats.  
Laugh Gods and men, sea, earth, and ayre make ioy,  
That *Inno* thus *Alcmena* can destroy.

*Enter the Midwife, Galantis with two or three other  
aged women.*

*Gal.* Haue you obseru'd her to sit crosse-leg'd euer  
since my Lady began her trauell? I suspect witch-craft, Il'e  
haue a trick to rouse her.

*Mid.* No doubt but did she open her knees and fingers,  
my Lady should haue safe deliury.

*Gal.* Trust to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to startle her.

*Beld.* Note how the Beldame smiles, and in her clutches  
Strangles my Ladies birth: some friend remoue her.

*Inno.* Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes recure,  
Thus Ireuenge me of their deeds impure.

*Enter Galantis merry.*

*Gal.* Now loue be prais'd, and Ladies dry your teares,  
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

*Inno.* Why, what's the matter?

*Gal.* I cannot hold my ioy: thanks faire *Lucina*  
Goddesse of child-birth, loue and all be prais'd,

*Alcmena* is deliuered, brought to bed  
Of a fine chopping boy.

*Inno rises.*

*Inno.* Is my spell faild? how could I curse and teare?

*Mid.* The witch is rouz'd, in and see what newes.

*Gal.* Stay stay, Il'e go see what cōfort's within: for when I  
came out I left my poore Lady in midst of all her torment.

*Inno.* What edge of Steele, or Adamantine chaine,  
Hath forc'd into the vertue of my charmes?

Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite consent  
To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter*!

Ifeare thy hand's in this.

*Enter Galantis extremely laughing.*

*Beld.*

*The Siluer Age.*

*Beld.* How the witch stormes!

*Iuno.* What meanes the wretch to hold her sides & laugh,  
And still to point at me? How now *Galantis*?

*Gal.* That's my name indeed: (hold heart, hold) you are a  
witch, are you? you sat crosse-leg'd, did you? my Lady could  
not bee brought to bed, could she? And now *Gallantis* hath  
gul'd you, hath she? *Iuno.* The morrall.

*Gal.* Il'e tell thee; I suspecting thy trechery to my Lady,  
brought in counterfet newes she was brought to bed, which  
you (gooddy witch) no sooner heard, but rose vp; & no soe-  
ner you had cast your armes abroad, but my Lady was deli-  
uered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*,  
but the other the brauest chopping lad— laugh the beldam  
out of her skin, & then returne to comfort my Lady. *Exeunt*

*Iuno.* Oh that we should be subiect to the Fates!  
And though being Gods, yet by their power be crost.

*Galantis.* Il'e be first reueng'd on thee

For this derision, and trans-forme thy shape

To some fowle monster, that shall beare thy name.

And are the bastards borne? They haue past the wombe,

They shall not passe the cradle. *Iris* Ho. *Enter Iris.*

*Iris.* Madame.

*Iuno.* Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there  
Chuse me two venemous serpents, of the blood  
That *Perseus* dropt out of the Gorgons head  
When on his winged horse, with that new spoyle  
He crost the *Affricke* climate: thou shalt know them  
By their fell poyson, and their fierce aspect. When *Iris*?

*Iris.* I am gone.

*Iuno.* Hast *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,  
These brats shall dye by their inuenomed stings.

HOMER.

*The iealous Goddesse in the Chamber throwes*

*The poysonous serpents, who soone wound and kill*

*Young Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes.*

*But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,*

*The Siluer Age.*

I haue power to strangle all the charmes of hell.  
Nor powers of heauen shall streight me, till the deaths  
Of yon adulteresse and her mechall brats.  
Laugh Gods and men, sea, earth, and ayre make ioy,  
That *Inno* thus *Alcmena* can destroy.

*Enter the Midwife, Galantis, with two or three other  
aged women.*

*Gal.* Haue you obseru'd her to sit crosse-leg'd euer  
since my Lady began her trauell? I suspect witch-craft, Il'e  
haue a trick to rouse her.

*Mid.* No doubt but did she open her knees and fingers,  
my Lady should haue safe deliury.

*Gal.* Trust to my wit, Il'e in & find a meanes to startle her.

*Beld.* Note how the Beldame smiles, and in her clutches  
Strangles my Ladies birth: some friend remoue her.

*Inno.* Ha, ha, he, their teares my griefes reture,  
Thus I reuenge me of their deeds impure.

*Enter Galantis merry.*

*Gal.* Now loue be prais'd, and Ladies dry your teares,  
And gentle Madame come reioyce with vs.

*Inno.* Why, what's the matter?

*Gal.* I cannot hold my ioy: thanks faire *Lucina*  
Goddesse of child-birth, loue and all be prais'd,  
*Alcmena* is deliuered, brought to bed  
Of a fine chopping boy.

*Inno riseth.*

*Inno.* Is my spell faild? how could I curse and teare?

*Mid.* The witch is rous'd, in and see what newes.

*Gal.* Stay stay, Il'e go see what cōfort's within: for when I  
came out I left my poore Lady in midst of all her torment.

*Inno.* What edge of Steele, or Adamantine chaine,  
Hath forc'd in two the vertue of my charme?  
Which Gods and diuels gaue vnite consent  
To be infract? Oh powerfull *Iupiter*!  
Ifeare thy hand's in this.

*Enter Galantis extremely laughing.*

*Beld.*



*The Silver Age.*

*Beld.* How the witch stormes!

*Inno.* What meanes the wretch to hold her sides & laugh,  
And still to point at me? How now *Galantis*?

*Gal.* That's my name indeed: (hold heart, hold) you are a  
witch, are you? you sat crosse-leg'd, did you? my Lady could  
not bee brought to bed, could she? And now *Gallantus* hath  
gul'd you, hath she? *Inno.* The morrall.

*Gal.* Il'e tell thee; I suspecting thy trechery to my Lady,  
brought in counterfet newes she was brought to bed, which  
you (gooddy witch) no sooner heard, but rose vp; & no so-  
oner you had cast your armes abroad, but my Lady was deli-  
uered of two goodly boyes, one like my Lord *Amphitrio*,  
but the other the brauest chopping lad— laugh the beldam  
out of her skin, & then returne to comfort my Lady. *Exeunt*

*Inno.* Oh that we should be subiect to the Fates!

And though being Gods, yet by their power be crost.

*Galantis*, Il'e be first reueng'd on thee

For this derision, and trans-forme thy shape

To some fowle monster, that shall beare thy name.

And are the bastards borne? They haue past the wombe,

They shall not passe the cradle. *Iris* Ho. *Enter Iris.*

*Iris.* Madame.

*Inno.* Fly into *Affricke*, from the mountaines there  
Chuse me two venemous serpents, of the blood  
That *Perseus* dropt out of the Gorgons head  
When on his winged horse, with that new spoyle  
He crost the *Affricke* climate: thou shalt know them  
By their fell poyson, and their fierce aspect. When *Iris*?

*Iris.* I am gone.

*Inno.* Hast *Iris*, flye with expeditions wings,  
These brats shall dye by their inuened stings.

HOMER.

*The iealous Goddesse in the Chamber throwes  
The poysonous serpents, who soone wound and kill  
Young Ipectetes, whom Amphitrio owes.  
But Hercules, whom Ioue with power doth fill,*

## *The Silver Age.*

*You first shall in his infant-cradle see,  
Ere growne a man, famous for chivalrie.*

*The Nurses bring yong Hercules in his Cradle, and leave him.  
Enter Iuno and Iris with two snakes, put them to the childe  
and depart: Hercules strangles them: to them Amphitrio, ad-  
miring the accident.*

*Hom. He that could in his cradle serpents kill,  
Will (being growne) the world with wonders fill.  
Imagine him full growne, and nobly train'd  
By King Euristeus, the bold youth proclaimes  
Pastimes of exercise, where he hath gain'd  
Chief praise and palme in these Olimpicke games.  
Them we must next, as his first grace present  
Wish Iuno, to his fame malenolent:*

*Enter, after great shouts and flourishes, Iuno and  
King Euristeus.*

*Iuno. Harke, harke Euristeus, how the yelling throats  
Of the rude rabble, deifie his praise:  
Their lofty clamours, and their shrill applauses  
Strike 'gainst the cleare and azure floores of heauen,  
And thence against the earth reuerberate,  
That Iuno can nor rest aboue nor here,  
But still his honours clangor strikes mine eare.*

*Eurist. Patience celestiall Goddesse, as I wish  
Your powerfull aidance when I need it most,  
So for your sake I will impose him dangers,  
Such and so great, that without Iones owne hand,  
He shall not haue the power to scatter them.*

*Iuno. If neither tyrants, monsters, sauages,  
Giants nor hell-hounds, can the bastard quell;  
Let him be pasht, stab'd, strangled, poisoned,  
Or murdered sleeping. Harke Euristeus still  
How their wide throates his high applauses shrill.*

*shouts  
within.*

*Eur.*

*The Silver Age.*

*Eur.* Th'earth shall not breed a monster, nor the heavens  
Threaten a danger shall not taske his life.

*Iuno.* Thou chim'st me spheare-like musicke, I haue rouz'd  
A monstrous Lyon, that doth range these woods:  
My deere *Euristheus*, make him tugge with him. *Shouts.*  
Still doth his praise make the heauen resound;  
Farewell *Euristheus*, Il'e not see him crown'd. *Exit Iuno.*

*Enter the Kings of Greece to Euristheus with Garlands, Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes, with others from the games of Olympus.*

*1. King.* These honoured pastimes on *Olympus* mount,  
Begun by thee the *Theban Hercules*,  
Shall last beyond all time and memory.  
Thou art vnpeer'd, all *Greece* resounds thy praise,  
And crowne thy worth with these greene wreaths of Baies.

*Herc.* More deere to me then the best golden Arch  
That ere crown'd Monarkes brow, we haue begun  
In pastimes, wee'le proceed to acts more dreadfull,  
To expresse our power and hardiment:  
Though by your sufferage, we haue best deseru'd;  
Yet merit we not all, these *Grecian* Princes,  
Although degree'd below vs, did excell,  
Though not as best, receiue as those did well.  
*Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes*, take  
Your valours meeds, your praises lowd did sound,  
Then each one take from *Hercules* a crowne.

*Thes.* Braue *Theban* youth, no lesse then *Ioues* owne son,  
Giue *Theseus* leaue both to admire and loue thee:  
Lets henceforth haue one soule.

*Herc.* *Theseus* commands the heart of *Hercules*,  
And all my deeds, next *Ioue* omnipotent,  
Il'e consecrate to thee and to thy loue.

*Perith.* Though all vnworthy to be stil'd the friend  
Of great *Alcides*, giue *Perithous* leaue  
To do thee honour, and admire thy worth.

*Philoct.*



## The Silver Age.

*Philot.* That *Philotes* begges of *Hercules*.

Thy curtesie equals thy actiue power:  
And then in both art chiefe and patternelesse.

*Herc.* We prize you as the deereſt gemmes of *Greece*,  
And all the honours of *Alcmenaes* ſonne  
You ſhall partake, whil'ſt theſe braue *Argine* Kings,  
That rang vs plaudits for the *Olimpique* games,  
Shall clap our triumphes 'gainſt the dreadful'ſt monſters  
Heauen can ſend downe, or deepe *Auerno* belch forth.  
As for the earth-bred monſters, we haue power  
Inſus'd by *Ioue*, to calme their insolence.  
Nor will we ceaſe, till we haue purchas'd vs  
The name of *Tyrant-tamer* through the world.

*Euriſt.* It glads *Euriſteus* to be made ſo happy  
As to be Tutor to this noble youth,  
Thou haſt (witneſſe *Olimpus*) prou'd thy ſelfe  
The ſwifteſt, actiu'ſt, ableſt, ſtrong'eſt, conning'ſt  
In ſhaſt or dart; which when thy ſtep-dame *Iuno*  
Shall vnderſtand how much thou do'ſt excell,  
As 'twill pleaſe *Ioue*, it will content her well.

*Herc.* May we renowe *Euriſteus* by our fame,  
As we ſhall ſtrive to pleaſe that heauenly dame.

*Eur.* Set on then Princes to the further honours  
Of this bold *Hebe*: may he ſtill proceed  
To crowne great *Greece* with many a noble deed.

*Enter a Herdsman wounded.*

*Theſ.* Stay Lords: what meanes this Tragicke ſpectacle?

*Herdſ.* If *Greece*, that whilome was eſteem'd the ſpring  
Of valor, and the well of chivalry,  
Can yeeld an army of reſolued ſpirits,  
Muſter them all againſt one dreadfull beaſt,  
That keeps the ſorreſts and the woods in awe:  
Commands the *Cleonean* continent,  
Vnpeoples townes; And if not interdicted;  
In time will make all *Greece* a wilderneſſe.

*Herc.* Herdsman, thou haſt expreſt a monſtrous beaſt,  
Worthy the taſke of *Ioue*: but *Hercules*:

What

*The Silver Age.*

What is the sauadge? speake.

*Herd.* Whether some God,  
With *Greece* offended, sends him as a murreine,  
To strike our heards; or as a worser plague,  
Your people to destroy: But a fierce Lyon  
Liues in the neighbour forrest, preying there  
On man and beast, not satisfied with both.  
Ten Heardsmen of my traine at once he slew,  
And me thus wounded; yet his maw vnstaunch't,  
He still the thicke *Nemean* groues doth stray,  
As if the world were not sufficient pray.

*Enr.* This Lyon were a taske worthy *Ioues* sonne,  
Oh free vs from this feare great *Hercules*.

*Herc.* If he be den'd, Il'e rouze the monstrous beast;  
If seeking prey, Il'e chace him through the groues,  
And hauing ouer-run the fugitiue,  
Dare him to single warre: It fits *Ioues* sonne  
Wraastle with Lyons, and to tugge with Beares,  
Grapple with Dragons, and incounter Whales.  
Be he (as *Ioues* owne shield) invulnerable,  
Or be his breast hoop't in with ribbes of brasse;  
Be his teeth raser'd, and his tallons keepe,  
Sending at euery blow, fire from his bones,  
Yet I ere night will case me in his skin.

This is a sport——

About th'*Olimpiads*; we will hunt to day  
Yon fierce *Nemean* terror, as a game  
Becomming *Hercules*. Winde hornes, away:  
For now a generall hunting we proclaime,  
Follow vs Princes, you that loue the game. *Exeunt.*

*Wind hornes. Enter Iuno and Iris aboue in a cloud.*

*Iuno.* Yon cheerefull noyse of hunting tels mine eare  
Hee's in the Chace: Redouble Ire on Ire,  
And teare the bastard *Theban* limbe from limbe.  
Where art thou *Iris*? tell me from the cloud,

*The Silver Age.*

Where I haue plac'd thee to behold the Chace.

*Iris aloft.* Great *Hercules*

Pursues him through the medowes, mountaines, rocks.

*Iuno.* And flies the sauadge? will he not turne head,

Knowing his skin (saue by *Ioues* Thunderbolt)

Not to be pierc'd? base trembling coward beast.

*Iris.* Now doth the *Lyon* turne 'gainst *Hercules*

With violent fury: 'lasse poore *Hercules*.

*Iuno.* Gramercy *Iris*, I will crowne thy brow

With a new case of starres, for these good newes.

*Iris.* Oh! well done *Hercules*.

He shakes him from his shoulders like a feather.

And hurles the *Lyon* flat: The beast againe

Leaps to his throat; *Alcides* grapples with him.

The *Lyon* now: Now *Hercules* againe.

And now the beast; me thinkes the combat's euen.

*Iuno.* Not yet destroyd?

*Iris.* Well wraisted *Hercules*:

He gaue the monstrous *Lyon* such a fall,

As if a mountaine should ore-whelme withall.

Above him still: he chokes him with his gripes,

And with his ponderous buffets stownds the beast.

*Iuno.* Thus is my sorrow, and his fame increast.

*Iris.* Now he hath strangled him.

*Iuno.* *Iris* discend.

But though this faile, ll'e other dangers store,

My *Lyon* slaine, I will prouide a Boare.

*Enter to them at one doore, Euristeus, and the Kings of Greece:*

*at the other Hercules, with the Lyons head and skinne,*

*Theseus, Perithous, Philoctetes.*

*Herc.* Thus *Hercules* begins his *Iouiall* tasks:

The horrid beast I haue torne out of his skin,

And the *Nemean* terror naked lyes,

Despoyl'd of his inuined coat of Armes.

*Iuno.* This head (O wer't the head of *Hercules*)

Doth



*The Silver Age.*

Doth grace *Alcides* shoulders, and methinkes,  
Deck'd in these spoyles, thou dar'st the God of Armes.

*Herc.* To you great *Iuno*, doth *Alcmena's* sonne  
His high laborious valour dedicate.

You might haue heard the Lyon roare to heauen;  
Euen to the high tribunall in the Spheares,  
Where you sit crown'd in starres. We fac'd the beast,  
And when he fixt his tallons in our flesh,  
We catch't the monster in our manly gripes,  
And made him thrice breake hold. Long did we tugge  
For eminence; but when we pron'd his skin  
To be wound-free, not to be pierc'd with Steele,  
We tooke the sauadge monster by the throat,  
And with our sinowy puissance strangled him.

*Eurist.* *Alcides* honours *Thebes*, and sames whole *Greece*.

*Herc.* There shall not breath a monster here vnawed,  
We shall the world affoord a wonderment,  
Vnparalel'd by *Theban Hercules*.

This Lyons case shall on our shoulders hang,  
Wee'l arme our body with th'vnvulner'd skin;  
And with this massy Club all monsters dare:  
And these shall like a bloudy meteor shew  
More dreadfull then *Orions* flaming lockes,  
T'affright the Gyants that oppresse the earth.

*Eur.* Let *Hercules* meane time abide with vs;  
Till King *Euristheus* new atchieuements finde,  
Worthy his valour.

*Theb.* Honour me great Prince,  
To grace my friend *Perithous*, and his ayd,  
To be at their high spowfals.

*Perith.* *Hypodamia*  
Shall in this suit assist *Perithous*,  
With vs the *Lapithes*, the *Centauris* meete,  
Those whom *Ixion* got vpon a cloud.  
They liue amongst the groues of *Theffaly*,  
And in theindouble shapes will grace our feast.

*Herc.* *Perithous*, we will meet the *Centauris* there,

*The Silver Age.*

And quaffe with them to *Hypodamia's* health.  
But wherefore stands bright *Iuno* discontent?

*Iuno.* Oh blame me not, an vncloth sauadge Boare  
Deuasts the fertill plaines of *Theffaly*:  
And when the people come to implore our ayd,  
Their liues no mortall that dare vndertake  
To combat him; The rough *Nemean* Lyon  
Was milde to this: he plowes the Forrests yp,  
His snowy foame he scatters ore the hils,  
And in his course or-turnes the *Dordan* okes:  
Oh let him dye by mighty *Hercules*.

*Herc.* Eternall Goddesse, were his sharpned teeth  
More dreadfull then the phangs of *Cerberus*,  
Or were his bristled-hide *Ioues* Thunder prooffe,  
Were his head brasse, or his breast doubly plated  
With best *Vulcanian* armour *Lemnos* yeelds;  
Yet shall his braines rattle beneath my Club.  
The *Eremanthian* Forrest where he den's,  
Shall quake with terror when we beat the beast:  
And when we cast his backe against the earth,  
The ground shall groane and reele with as much terror  
As when the Gyant *Typhon* shakes the earth.

*Iuno.* Oh may'st thou liue the *Theban* Conquerour.  
(Dye by the fury of that sauadge swine,  
And with thy carkasse glut his rauenous maw.)

*Herc.* *Perithous*, I will bring thee to thy Bridals  
This huge wilde swine, to feast the Centaurs with.  
*Diana's* wrath shall be *Alcides* dish,  
Which hee'l present to *Hypodamia*.  
*Theseus* and *Philoctetes*, you consort  
*Perithous*, and assist the *Lapythes*  
In these high preparations: We will take  
The *Eremanthian* Forrest in our way.  
Let's part, and sacred Goddesse wish vs well  
In our atchieuements.

*Iuno.* To be damp'd in hell. *Exeunt.*

*Enter*

*The Silver Age.*

*Enter Ceres and Proserpine attired like the Moone, with  
a company of Swaines, and country Wenches:*

*They sing.*

*Song. With faire Ceres Queene of graine  
The reapea fields we rome, rome, rome,  
Each Countrey Peasant, Nymph and Swaine  
Sing their harvest home, home, home;  
Whilst the Queene of plenty ballowes  
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

*Eccho double all our Lyes,  
Make the Champions sound, sound, sound  
To the Queene of harvest praise,  
That somes and reapes our ground, ground, ground.  
Ceres Queene of plenty ballowes,  
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

*Ceres. As we are Ceres, Queene of all fertility,  
The earthes sister, Aunt to higest Iupiter,  
And mother to this beauteous childe the Moone,  
So will we blesse your harvests, crowne your fields  
With plenty and increase: your bearded eares  
Shall make their golden stalkes of wheat to bend  
Below their laden riches: with full sickles  
You shall receiue the vsury of their seeds.  
Your fallowes and your gleabes our selfe will till  
Frow euery furrow that your plow-shares raze  
Vpon the plenteous earth, our sisters breast,  
You shall cast vp aboundance for your gratitude  
To Ceres and the chaste Proserpina.*

*Prof. Whilst with these swaines my mother merry-makes,  
And from their hands eates cakes of newest wheate,  
The firstlings of their vowed sacrifice,  
Leaue me behinde to make me various garlands  
Of all the choycest flowers these medowes yeeld,  
To decke my browes, and keep my face from scorches*



*The Silver Age.*

Of *Phœbus* raies.

*Ceres*. That done returne to vs,  
Vnto our Temple, where wee'l feast these swaines.

*Proserp*. No sooner shall faire *Flora* crowne my temples,  
But I your offerings will participate.

*Ceres*. Now that the heauens and earth are both appeas'd,  
And the huge Giants that assaulted *Ioue*,  
Are slaughtered by the hand of *Iupiter*;  
We haue leasure to attend our harmelesse swaines:  
Set on then to our Rurall ceremonies. *Exeunt singing.*

*Tempests hence, hence winds and hailes,  
Tares, cockle, rotten showers, showers, showers,  
Our sing shall keep time with our flails,  
When Ceres sings, none lowers, lowers, lowers.  
She it is whose God-hood hallowes  
Growing fields as well as fallowes.*

*Proser*. Oh! may these medowes euer barren be,  
That yeeld of flowers no more variety.  
Here neither is the white nor sanguine Rose,  
The Straw-berry flower, the Paunce nor Violet:  
Me thinkes I haue too poore a medow chose,  
Going to begge, I am with a begger met  
That wants as much as I: I should do ill  
To take from them that need. Here grow no more,  
Then serue thine owne despoyled breast to fill,  
The meades I rob, shall yeeld me greater store.  
Thy flowers thou canst not spare, thy bosome lend,  
On which to rest whil'st *Phœbus* doth transcend.

*She lyes downe.*

*Thunder. Enter Pluto, his Chariot drawne in by Diuels.*

*Pluto*. What hurly-burly hath beene late in heauen  
Against our brother *Ioue* omnipotent?  
The Gyants haue made warre: great *Briareus*,

Whose

*The Silver Age.*

Whose hundred hands, a hundred swords at once  
Haue brandish't against heauen, is topsie turn'd,  
And tumbled headlong from th'Olimpicke Towers.  
But big-limb'd *Typhon*, that assaulted most,  
And hurl'd huge mountaines 'gainst heauens christall gates  
To shatter them, wraffled with *Ioue* himselfe:  
Whose heeles tript vp, kick't 'gainst the firmament;  
And falling on his backe, spread thousand acres  
Of the affrighted earth, astonish't *Iupiter*,  
Lest he should rise to make new vp-rores there,  
On his right hand the mount *Pelorus* hurles:  
Vpon his left spacious *Pachyne* lyes,  
And on his legges, the land of *Liliby*:  
His head the ponderous mountaine *Aetna* crownes,  
From which the Gyant breathes infernall fires:  
And struggling to be freed from all these weights,  
Makes (as he moues) huge earth- quakes that shake th'earth  
And make our kingdomes tremble. Frighted thence,  
We haue made ascent to take a free suruey  
Whether the worlds foundations be still firme;  
Lest being cranied, through these concaue cliffes,  
The Sunne and starres may shine, to lighten hell.  
Al's found, we haue strooke th'earths basses with our mace,  
And found the Center firme: Our Iron Chariot  
That from his shod wheels rusty darknesse flings,  
Hath with our weight, prou'd mountaines, dales and rocks;  
And found them no where hollow; All being well,  
Wee'l cleaue the earth, and sinke againe to hell.

*Proser.* *Ceres*, oh helpe me father *Jupiter*,  
Yon vgly shape affrights me.

*Pluto.* Ha, what's the matter?  
Who breath'd that well-tun'd shriek, sweet shape, bright  
beauty, *Pluto's* heart was neuer soft till now.  
Faire mortall.

*Proser.* Hence foule fiend.

*Pluto.* By *Lethe*, *Styx*, *Cocytus*, *Acheron*,  
And all the terrors our blacke Region yeelds,

*The Silver Age.*

I see and loue, and at one instant both.

Kisse me.

*Proser.* Out on thee Hell-hound.

*Pluto.* What are you, beauteous Goddesse?

*Proser.* Nothing. Oh!

Helpe mother, father, *Ceres, Iupiter.*

*Pluto.* Be what thou canst, thou now art *Pluto's* rape,  
And shalt with me to *Orcus*.

*Proser.* Clawes off Diuell.

*Pluto.* Fetch from my sister *Night* a cloud of darknesse  
To roabe me in, in that Il'e hide this beauty  
From Gods and mortals, till I sinke to hell.  
Nay, you shall meunt my Chariot.

*Prof.* *Ceres, Ioue.*

*Pluto.* *Ceres* nor *Ioue*, nor all the Gods about  
Shall rob me this rich purchase. Yoake my stallions  
That from their nostrils breath infernall fumes:  
And when they gallop through these vpper worlds,  
With fogges choake *Phæbus*, chace the starres from heauen,  
And while my Ebon Chariot ore the rocks,  
Clatters his Iron wheelles, make a noyse more hideous  
Then *Panompheus* thunder.

*Prof.* Helpe heauen, helpe earth.

*Pluto.* Cleaue earth, and when I stampe vpon thy breast  
Sinke me, my brasse-shod wagon, and my selfe,  
My Coach-steeds, and their traces altogether  
Ore head and eares in *Styx*.

*Proser.* You Gods, you men.

*Pluto.* Eternall darknesse claspe me where I dwell  
Sauing these eyes, wee'l haue no light in hell.

*Exit.*

*Enter Ceres.*

*Ceres.* Where is my faire and louely *Proserpine*?  
The feast is done, and she not yet return'd:  
Speake *Ioues* faire daughter, whither art thou straid?  
I haue sought the medowes, glcaves, and new-reap't fields,  
Yet cannot finde my childe. Her scattered flowers,  
And garland halfe made vp, I haue light vpon,

*But*



*The Silver Age.*

But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace  
Of some strange wagon, that hath scorch't the fields;  
And sing'd the grasse: these routes the sunne nere scar'd.  
Where art thou loue? where art thou *Proserpine*?  
Hath not thy father *Ioue* snatch't thee to heauen  
Vpon his Eagle? I will search the spheares  
But I will finde thee out: swift *Mercury*,  
*Ioues* sonne, and *Mayas*; speake, speake from the clouds,  
And tell me if my daughter be aboue.

*Mercury flies from aboue.*

*Mer.* Thy clamours (*Ceres*) haue ascent through heauen;  
Which when I heard, as swift as lightning  
I search't the regions of the vpper world,  
And euery place aboue the firmament.  
I haue past the planets, soar'd quite through the spheares;  
I haue crost the Articke and Antarkicke poles.  
Hot *Cancer*, and cold *Arctus* I haue search't,  
Past th'Hyperboreans, and th Solsticies,  
The Tropiques, Zones, Signes, Zeniths, Circles, Lines,  
Yet no where can I finde faire *Proserpine*. *Exit Mercury.*

*Ceres.* If not in heauen, Il'e next inquire the earth,  
And to the place where old *Oceanus*  
Layes his hoare head in *Amphitrites* lap:  
Il'e trauell till I finde my girle.  
Assist me gracious *Neptune* in my search;  
And *Tryton*, thou that on thy shelly Trumpet,  
Summons the Sea-gods, answer from the depth,  
If thou hast seene or heard of *Proserpine*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Tryton with his Trumpe, as from the sea.*

*Tryt.* On *Neptunes* Sea-horse with my concaue Trumpe,  
Through all th'Abyffe, I haue shril'd thy daughters losse.  
The channels cloath'd in waters, the low citties,  
In which the water-Nymphes, and Sea-gods dwell,  
I haue perus'd; sought through whole woods and Forrests  
Of leauelless Corrall planted in the deepes,  
Toft vp the beds of Pearle, rous'd vp huge Whales,

H.

And

*The Siluer Age.*

And sterne Sea-monsters from their rocky dennes,  
Those bottomes, bottomlesse shallows and shelues:  
And all those currents where th'earths springs breake in,  
Those plaines where *Neptune* feeds his Porposes,  
Sea-morses, Seales, and all his cattell else.  
Through all our ebbes and tides my Trump hath blaz'd her,  
Yet can no cauerne shew me *Proserpine*. *Exit Tryton.*

*Ceres*. If heauen nor sea, then search thy bosome earth,  
Fairster *Earth*, for these beauteous fields  
Open'd ore thy breast; for all these fertill croppes,  
With which my plenty hath enrich't thy bosome,  
For all those rich and pleasant wreathes of graine  
With which so oft thy Temples I haue crown'd:  
For all the yearely liueries and fresh robes  
Vpon thy sommer beauty I bestow,  
Shew me my childe.

*Earth riseth from under the stage.*

*Earth*. Not in reuenge faire *Ceres*  
That your remorselesse plowes haue rak't my breast,  
Nor that your Iron-tooth'd harrowes print my face  
So full of wrinkles, that you digge my sides  
For marle and soyle; and make me bleed my springs  
Through all my open'd veines, to weaken me;  
Do I conceale your daughter: I haue spread  
My armes from sea to sea, look't ore my mountaines,  
Examin'd all my pastures, groues, and plaines,  
Marshes and wowlds, my woods and Champian fields,  
My dennes and caues; and yet from foot to head  
I haue no place on which the Moone doth tread. *Earth sinks.*

*Ceres*. Then *Earth* thou hast lost her: and for *Proserpine*  
Il'e strike thee with a lasting barrenesse.  
No more shall plenty crowne thy fertill browes,  
Il'e breake thy plowes, thy Oxen murren-strike:  
With Idle agues Il'e consume thy swaines,  
Sowtares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,  
Whose spykes the weed and cooch-grasse shall out-grow,  
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers

Shall

*The Silver Age.*

Shall drowne thy seed, which the hote sunne shall parch;  
Or mill-dewes rot; and what remaines shall be  
A prey to rauenuous birds. Oh *Proserpine*!  
You Gods that dwell aboue, and you below,  
Both of the woods and gardens, riuers, brookes,  
Fountaines and wels, some one among you all  
Shew me her selfe or graue, to you I call.

*The riuier Arethusa riseth from the stage.*

*Areth.* That can the riuier *Arethusa* do,  
My streames you know faire God desse, issue forth  
From Tartary, by the Tenarian Isles:  
My head's in Hell, where Stygian *Pluto* reignes,  
There did I see the louely *Proserpine*,  
Whom *Pluto* hath rap't hence; behold her girdle,  
Which by the way dropt from her beauteous waste,  
And scattered in my streames. Faire Queene adue,  
Crowne you my banks with flowers, as I tell true. *Exit Are.*

*Ceres.* Hath that infernall monster stolne my childe?  
Il'e mount the spheares, and there sollicite *Ioue*,  
To inuade the Stygian kingdomes, to redceme  
My rauish't daughter. If the Gods deny  
That grace to *Ceres*, Il'e inuoke the helpe  
Of some bold mortall: noble *Hercules*,  
Who with his Club shall rouze th'infernall King,  
Dragge out the furies with their snaky lockes,  
Strangle hels Iudges in their scarlet robes,  
And bring a double terrour to the damn'd.  
Of Gods and Men I will inuoke the aides  
To free my childe from those infernall shades.

*Enter Hercules, Theseus, Perithous, Philoetes, Hypodamia, the  
Centaur, Nessus, Euritus, Chiron, Cillarus, Antimachus,  
Hippasus. At a banquet.*

*Herc.* To grace thy feast faire *Hypodamia*,  
The Eremanthian forrest we haue rob'd  
Of that huge Boare: you Centaurs doubly shap't,



*The Silver Age.*

Feed with *Alcides* on that monstrous swine,  
That hath deuour'd so many Swaynes and Heard.

*Thes.* Take *Theseus* welcome for *Perithous* sake,  
And sit with vs faire Princes, take your place  
Next you *Alcides*; then the Centaurs round.

*Antimac.* Now by *Ixion*, that our grand-fire was,  
That dar'd to kisse the mighty thunderes wife,  
And did not feare to cuckold *Iupiter*,  
Thou dost the Centaur's honour.

*Ness.* Let's quaffe the brides health in the blood of grapes,  
Wine begets mirth, and mirth becomes a bridall.

*Perith.* Fill then for *Nessus* and *Antimachus*,  
Let *Euritus* and *Chiron* pledge it round.

*Eur.* Fill to vs all, euen till these empty bowles  
Turne vp their bottomes 'gainst the face of heauen.

*Cbi.* Off shall all this to *Hipodamia's* health,  
The beauteous bride: wil't pledge it *Hercules*?

*Herc.* Yes, were it deeper then the golden cup  
*Ioue* quaffes in from the hand of *Ganimes*.

*Silanthus*, *Hippasus*, and *Cillarus*,  
To the faire Princeesse of the *Lapythes*.

*Anti.* Shee's faire indeed, I loue her: wine and loue  
Adde fire to fire. To *Philoctetes* this.

*Phi.* 'Tis welcome *Hippasus*. Here *Cillarus*.

*Cil.* Faire *Hypodamia's* of the Centaurs brood,  
Great *Bistus* daughter, neere ally'd to vs,  
Il'e take her health.

*Perith.* Gramercy *Cillarus*:  
Il'e do the like to faire *Philonome*,  
Thy sweet She-Centaur.

*Cil.* Double this to her.

*Hyp.* Crowne all your healths with mirth, let ioyes abound  
And to *Philonome* let this go round.

*Anti.* Gramercies, lasse my braine begins to swim,  
I haue an appetite to kisse the bride,  
I and I will.

*Thess.* What meanes *Antimachus*?

*Anti.*

## The Silver Age.

*Anti.* Kisse *Hypodamia*, I and —

*Thes.* That's too much,  
And more then any of the Centaurs dare.

*Cil.* Why? who should hinder him?

*Thes.* That *Thesens* will.

*Ant.* Ha, ha, haue I from the fierce Lyon torne her whelp?  
Brought from the Forrests she-Beaes in my armes?  
And dandled them like infants? plaid with them,  
And shall I not then dare to kisse the bride?

*Herc.* Audacious Centaur, do but touch her skirt,  
Prophane that garment *Hymen* hath put on;  
Or with thy hideous shape once neere her cheek,  
It'll lay so huge a ponder on thy skull,  
As if the basses of the heauen should shrink,  
And whelme ore thee the marble firmament.

*Anti.* That will I try.

*Cil.* Assist *Antimachus*.

*Peri.* Rescue for *Hypodamia*.

*Chi.* Downe with the *Lapysbes*.

*Ness.* Downe with *Hercules*.

*Herc.* You cloud-bred race, *Alcides* here will stand  
To plague you all with his high *Ioniall* hand.

*A confused fray with  
stooles, cups & bowles,  
the Centaurs are beaten.*

*Alarrie.* Enter *Iuno*, with all the Centaurs.

*Iuno.* And shrinkes *Ixions* race? durst he aspire  
To our celestiall bed? though for his boldnesse  
He now be tortured with the wheele in hell?  
And dare not you withstand base *Hercules*?  
Curraige braue *Hyppo-Centaurs*, let the bastard  
Be hew'd and mangled with our conquering arme.  
Renuë the fight, make the *Thessalian* fields  
Thunder beneath your hooves, whilst they imprint  
Vpon the earth, deepe semi-circled moones.  
Let all your arm'd race gallop from the hills,  
To inmure the faint dejected *Lapysbes*.  
Tis *Iuno*, whom your tortur'd grand-fire lou'd,

*The Silver Age.*

Bids you to Armes : list vp your weapons hye  
And in their fall may great *Alcides* dye. (bones,

*Antimac.* Our grand-fires wheeles cracke all that Centaurs  
That flyes when *Inno* giues incouragement.

*Chirus, Latreus, Nessus, Euritus,*  
And all our race first tumbled in the clouds  
That crown'd the mountaine toppes of *Theffaly*,  
Make head againe, follow *Antimachus*,  
Whose braine through heated with the fumes of wine  
Burnes with the loue of *Hypodamia*.  
*Theseus, Perithous, and Alcides*, all  
Shall in this fury by the Centaurs fall.

*Alarme.* Enter to them *Hercules, Theseus, Perithous,*  
and *Philoctetes*.

*Herc.* Behold the lust-burn'd and wine-heated monsters  
Once more make head ; wee'lpash them with our club.  
This Centaure-match, it shall in ages,  
And times to come, renowne great *Hercules*.  
Vpon them, when we parlee with our foes :  
Tongues peace: for we breake silence with our blowes.

*Alarme.* They fight, the Centaurs are all disperst and slaine.  
Enter with victory, *Hercules, Theseus, Perithous,*  
*Philoctetes, Hypodamia, and others.*

*Herc.* Let *Theffaly* resound *Alcides* praise,  
And all the two-shap't Centaurs that suruiue,  
Quake when they heare the name of *Hercules*.  
Were these *Theffalian* monsters bred at first  
By *Saturne* and *Philiris*, as some say,  
When in equinall shape she was deflour'd?  
Or when *Pexion*, snatcht to heauen by *Ioue*,  
And feasted in the hye *Olimpicke* hall,  
He sought to strumpet *Inno*? The heauens Queene  
Transform'd a cloud to her celestall shape,  
Of which he got the Centaurs. Be they bred



*The Siluer Age.*

Of earth or vapour, their hote fiery braines  
Are now dispurpled by *Alcides* Club,  
And in their deaths renowne the *Lapythes*.

*Thes.* *Iones* sonne was borne a terrour to the world,  
To awe the tyrants that oppresse and sway.

*Perith.* But most indebt to thee *Perithous* is,  
That hast restor'd a virgin and a bride,  
Pure and vntouch't to sleep in these my armes.

*Hypoda.* My tongue shall sound the praise of *Hercules*.  
My heart imbrace his loue.

*Herc.* Oh had bright *Inno*  
My louing step-dame, seated in the clouds,  
Beheld me pash the Centaurs with my club,  
It would haue fild her with celestially toyes;  
Knowing that all my deeds of fame and honour  
I consecrate to her and *Iupiter*.

Of these proud Centaurs *Nessus* is escapt,  
The rest all strew the fields of *Thessaly*. *Enter Ceres.*

*Ceres.* Reserues the noble *Theban* all his valour  
For th'ingrate *Inno*, and hath stor'd no deed  
Of honour for deiected *Ceres* here?  
*Ceres* sorlorne, forsaken and despis'd,  
Whom neither obdure heauen, relentlesse sea,  
Nor the rude earth will pittie.

*Herc.* Queene of plenty,  
Lye it within the strength of mortall arme,  
The power of man, or worke of demi-god,  
I am thy Champion.

*Ceres.* From heauen, earth and sea,  
Then *Ceres* must appeale to *Hercules*.  
Know then I am rob'd of beauteous *Proserpine*,  
Tartarian Dis hath rap't my daughter hence;  
Which when I heard, I skal'd the thundered throne,  
And made my plaints to him, who answered me,  
His power was onely circumscrib'd in heauen,  
And *Pluto* was as absolute in hell  
As he in heauen; nor would he muster Gods

Against.

### *The Silver Age.*

Against the fiends, ore which his brother reign'd.  
Next made I suit to haue *Neptune* call his waters,  
And with his billowes drowne the lower world:  
Who answered, the firme channell bounds his waues,  
Nor is there passage betweene sea and hell,  
The earth beneath her center cannot sinke,  
Nor haue I hope from thence; onely great *Hercules*

*Herc.* Will vndertake what neither *Iupiter*,  
*Neptune*, nor all the Gods dare make their taske:  
The Stygian *Pluto* shall restore the moone,  
Or feele the masse of this my ponderous club.  
Comfort faire Queene, Il'e passe the poole of *Styx*,  
And if leane *Charon* waftage shall deny,  
The Ferry-man Il'e buffet in his barge.  
Three-throated *Cerberus* that keepes hell-gates,  
Shall (when we come to knocke) not dare to howle:  
The ghosts already dead, and doom'd, shall feare  
To dye againe at sight of *Hercules*.

Sterne *Alynos*, *Aechus*, and *Rhadamant*,  
Shall from the dreadfull sessions kept in hell,  
Be rouz'd by vs: wee'l quake them at that barre  
Where all soules stand for sentence: the three sisters  
Shall crowch to vs. *Ceres*, wee'l ransacke hell,  
And *Pluto* from th'infernall vaults expell.

*Thes.* *Theseus* in this will ayd great *Hercules*.

*Peri.* And so *Perithous* shall.

*Herc.* Comfort Queene *Ceres*,  
Whom neither Harpyes, Boares or Buls can tame,  
The darke Cimerians must next sound his fame.  
A due bright *Hypodamia* lately freed  
From the adulterous Centaurs: Our renowne  
That yet 'twene heauen and earth doth onely shine,  
Hell shall next blaze for beauteous *Proserpine*.

HOMER.

*Ere Hercules the Stygian pooles invade  
Aske which none but he durst vndertake,*

*Wishons*

### *The Silver Age.*

*Without both earthly and immortall ayde,  
We Ioue present; who once more doth forsake  
Heauen, for a mortall beauty; one more rare  
Earth yeelded not, then Semele the faire.  
Whilst Iuno, Hercules with hate pursues,  
Neglecting Ioue, he from the spheares espies  
This bright Cadmeian, and the groues doth chuse  
To court her in: How, and in what disguise  
You next shall see, they meet first in the Chase,  
Where they discourse, acquaint, kisse, and embrace.*

*Dumbe shew. Enter Semele like a huntresse, with her  
traine, Iupiter like a wood-man in grooue; he woos  
her, and winnes her.*

*What cannot Ioue, infus'd with power diuine?  
He woos and winnes, enjoyes the beauteous dame,  
The iealous Iuno spies their loue in fire,  
Leanes off her enuy to Alcides fame,  
And 'gainst this beauteous Lady armes her spleene,  
Quite to destroy the bright Cadmeian Queene.  
Your fauours still: some here no doubt will wonder,  
To see the Thunderers leue perish by thunder.*

*Enter Iuno and Iris.*

*Iuno. Hast thou found him Iris?*

*Iris. Madame I haue.*

*Iuno. Where?*

*Iris. In the house of Cadmus, courting there  
The fairest of the race, yong Semele.*

*Iuno. What am I better to be Queene of beauen,  
To be the sister and the wife of Ioue,  
When euery strumpet braues my Deity?  
Whilst I am busied to lay traps and traines  
For proud Alcmena's bastard, he takes time  
For his adulterous rapes. Europa liues  
Sainted in earth, Calisto shines a starre,*



*The Silver Age.*

Iust in mine eye, by name of *Lesser Beare*,  
*Io* in *Egypt* is ador'd a Goddessse:  
And of my seruant *Argus* (slaine by *Mercury*)  
There liues no note; saue that his hundred eyes  
I haue transported to my peacockes traine.  
Thus fall the friends of *Iuno*, whilst his strumpets  
Front me on earth, or braue mine eye in heauen:  
But *Semele* shall pay for't. In what shape  
Saw'st thou him court that strumpet?

*Iris*. Like a wood-man.

*Iuno*. I met him on the mountaine *Erechine*,  
And tooke him for the yong *Hyppolitus*.  
*Iris* I hau't; 'tis plotted in my braine,  
To haue the strumpet by her louer slaine.  
Of her nurse *Bereae* I'll assume the shape,  
And by that meanes auenge me on this rape. *Exeunt*:

*Enter Semele with her seruants and attendants.*

*Semel*. Oh *Iupiter*! thy loue makes me immortall,  
The high *Cadmeian* is in my grace,  
To that great God exalted, and my issue,  
When it takes life, shall be the seed of Gods;  
And I shall now be ranck't in equipage  
With *Danae*, *Io*, *Lada*, and the rest,  
That in his amours pleas'd the thunderer best.  
Me-thinkes since his imbraces fil'd my wombe,  
There is no earth in me, I am all diuine:  
Ther's in me nothing mortall, saue this shape,  
Whose beauty hath cal'd *Ioue* himselfe from heauen;  
The rest all pure, corruptlesse and refin'd,  
That hath daz'd men, and made th' immortall blinde.  
Leaue vs, oh you vnworthy to attend  
Or wait vpon *Cadmeian Semele*:  
*Hebe* shall be my hand-mayd, and my wine  
The hand of *Ioues* owne cup-bearer shall fill,  
He begge of him the Trojan *Ganimed*

*The Silver Age.*

To be my page, and when I please to ride,  
Borrow his Eagle through the ayre to glide.  
Go call me hither my Nurse *Beroe*,  
Whom I will make free-partner in my ioyes.

*Enter Iuno in the shape of old Beroe.*

*Seru.* *Beroe* attends your grace.

*Sem.* Oh my deere nurse! liues there on earth a Princessse  
Equally lou'd and grac'd by *Ioue* himselfe?

*Iuno.* Out on thee strumpet, I could teare those eyes,  
Whose beauty drew my husband from the skyes.

*Sem.* Am I not happy *Beroe*?

*Iuno.* Were you sure  
'Twere *Ioue* himselfe this gladnesse did procure.  
Madame, there many fowle imposters be,  
That blinde the world with their inchaftity:  
And in the name of Gods, being scarce good men,  
Juggle with Ladyes, and corrupt their honors.  
Thinke you yon stripling that goes clad in greene,  
Is *Iupiter*?

*Sem.* I know him for heauens King,  
Whose issue in my wombe I feele to spring.

*Iuno.* I thinke it not; but Lady this I know,  
That Gods are solasciuious growne of late,  
That men contend their lusts to imitate.

*Sem.* Not *Iupiter*.

*Iuno.* Things truly reconcile,  
You'l iumpe with me: how haue you beene the while,  
Since you were breeding, now well, sometimes ill,  
Subiect to euery imperfection still,  
Apt to all chances other women be.  
When were you lou'd of the high Deity,  
That hath the guift of strength, power, health, and ioy,  
The least of these could not your state annoy.

*Sem.* Thou puttst me in mistrust, and halfe perswad'st me  
He is no more then mortall whom I loue.  
How shall I proue him nurse?

*Iuno.* Il'e tell you madame; When you see him next,

*The Silver Age.*

Seeme with some strange and vncouth passion vext,  
And beg of him a boone, which till he grant,  
Sweare he no more your fauours shall inchant.

*Sem.* *Beroe*, what boone?

*Iuno.* To hugge you in that state  
In which faire *Iuno* he imbrac'd so late.  
To descend armed with celestially fire,  
And in that maiesty glut his desire.  
His right hand armed with lightning, on his head  
Heauens massy crowne; and so to mount your bed.  
So are you sure he is a God indeed,  
Obtaine this boone, and fairely may you speed.

*Sem.* Thou hast fir'd me *Beroe*.

*Iuno.* Thou shalt be on flame,  
So great, the Ocean shall not quench the same.

*Sem.* *Beroe* away, my chamber ready make,  
Tosse downe on downe: for we this night must tumble  
Within the armes of mighty *Iupiter*.  
Of whom Il'e begge th'immortall sweets of loue,  
Such as from *Ioue* Imperiall *Iuno* tastes.  
Begone without reply, my loue's at hand.

*Iuno.* Thy death's vpon thy boone: this *Iuno* cheares,  
That my reuenge shall mount about the spheares. *exit Iuno.*

*Sem.* I will not smile on him, lend him a looke,  
As the least grace, till he giue free ascent  
To fill me with celestially wonderment.

*Enter Iupiter like a wood-man.*

*Iup.* Oh thou that mak'st earth heauen, & turn'st th'immortal  
Into this shape terrestriall, thou bright issue  
Of old *Agenor*, and the *Cadmeian* line,  
For whom, these stony buildings we preferre  
Before our Christall structures: that mak'st *Ioue*  
Abandon the high counsels of the Gods  
To treat with thee of loues faire blandishments:  
Diuinest of thy race, faire *Semele*  
Fold in thy armes Olimpicke *Iupiter*.

*Sem.* *Iupiter!*

*Iup.*



*The Silver Age.*

*Iup.* That *Iupiter* that with a powerfull nod  
Shakes the heauens arches, ore the vniuerse  
Spreads dread & awe; and when we arme our selfe  
With maiesty, make th'earths foundation tremble,  
And all mortality flye like a smoake  
Before our presence vanish't and consum'd.

*Sem.* Did *Semele* behold such Maiesty,  
She could belecue this were the thunderers voyce,  
Thou hee?

*Iup.* What meanes this strangenesse *Semele*?  
Haue I preferd thy beauty before hers  
Whose state fills heauen, whose food's *Ambrosia*,  
Vpon whose cup the louely *Hebe* waits  
When she quaffes *Nectar*? whose bright Chariot  
Is drawn with painted peacocks through the clouds  
And am I thus receiu'd?

*Sem.* Thou bed with *Iuno*?  
Base groome, thou art no better then thou seem'st,  
And thy impostures haue deceiued a Princeesse  
Greater then ere descended from thy line.  
Hence from my sight thou earth, that hast profan'd  
The dreadful thunderers name: what see I in thee  
More then a man, to proue thy selfe a God?  
Thou deist? thy presence groome is poore,  
Thy 'hauieur sleight, thy courtship triuiall,  
Thou hast not a good face, what's in thee worth  
The fauour and the grace of *Semele*?  
A God? alas! thou art scarce a proper man.

*Iup.* Ha, fails my shape, is he that awes the Gods,  
Now valued lesse then man? why *Semele*  
Proue me and what I can: wouldst thou haue gold?  
It'e raine a richer shower in thy bosome  
Then ere I powr'd on *Danae*.

*Sem.* Gold? what's that?  
Which euery mortall Prince can giue his loue.

*Iup.* Wouldst thou increase thy beauty or thy strength?

*Sem.* I am nor sowle nor sicke.

*The Silver Age.*

*Imp.* Wouldst thou haue God-hood?  
I will translate this beauty to the spheares,  
Where thou shalt shine the brightest starre in heauen:  
Il'e lift thy body from this terrene drosse,  
And on two eagles, swift as *Pegasus*,  
Wee'l take our daily progresse through the clouds.  
Il'e shew thee all the planets in their ranke,  
The monstrous signes, the Lyon, Ramme and Bull,  
The blacke-scaled Scorpion, and the Caners clawes.  
Aske what thou wilt to proue my Deity,  
And take it as thine owne faire *Semele*.

*Sem.* Grant me one boone, lesse then the least of these,  
My armes shall spread thus wide to imbrace my loue,  
In my warme bosome I will gloue thy hand,  
And seale a thousand kisses on thy lippes.  
My fingers Il'e intangle in these curles,  
And scarfe my Iuory arme about thy necke;  
And lay my selfe as prostrate to thy loue,  
As th'earth her grasse-green apron spreads for raine.  
Speake, shall I aske? or haue you power to grant?

*Imp.* By dreadfull Styx, an oath I cannot change,  
But aske and haue.

*Sem.* Then bed with me to night,  
Arm'd with the selfe-same God-hood, state and power  
You *Iuno* meet.

*Imp.* Blacke day, accursed houre,  
Thou hast ask't too much, thy weake mortality  
Cannot indure the scorching fires of heauen.

*Sem.* Either you cannot doo't, as wanting might,  
Or loath you are to breed me such delight.  
Is this your loue?

*Imp.* Thy death is in thy boone:  
But 'tis thy fate, she can it not recall,  
Nor I vnswear: the infant in her wombe  
Not yet full growne and ripe, torments me most:  
For in this rash demand they both are lost.

*Sem.* Il'e stand it at all dangers, and prepare

*The Silver Age.*

For this nights sport.

*Jup.* Aboue my thunders are,  
Thither I must, and beeing arm'd, descend  
To giue this beauty (in her rashnesse) end.

*Sem.* Remember by this kisse you keep your oath.

*Jup.* Neuer did *Ioue* to heauen ascend so loath;  
Expect me this sad night.

*Sem.* With double ioy.

Celestiall sweets shall surfet me, and cloy  
My appetite; the Gods are loath to impart  
Their pleasures to vs mortals. Dance my hart,  
And swim in free delights, my pleasures crowne,  
This *Ioniall* night shall *Semele* renowne. *Exit Semele.*

*Iuno and Iris plas'd in a cloud aboue.*

*Iuno.* Come *Iris*, ore the loftiest pinnacles  
Of this high pallace, let vs mount our selues,  
To see this noble pastime: Is't not brauer?

*Iris.* Hath her suit tooke effect? 'lasse *Semele*!

*Iuno.* Hang, burne her witch, be all such strumpets fir'd  
With no lesse heat then wanton *Semele*.

Oh 'twill be gallant sport, wilt not *Iris*?

To see these golden rooves daunce in the aire.

These pinnacles shall pricke the floores of heauen,

These spires confused, tumble in the clouds;

And all flye vp and shatter at the approach

Of his great God-hood. Oh 'twould please me *Iris*

To see this wanton with her bastard, blowne

And hang'd vpon the high hornes of the moone.

The howre drawes on, we may from hence espy

Th'adultrousse sprall, the pallace vpwards flye.

*Enter two maids of Semeles chamber.*

1. *Maid.* Questionlesse my Lady lookes for some great  
guests, that she makes all this preparation.

2. *Maid.* 'Tis not like she expects them at supper, because  
she herselfe is preparing to bed.

1. *Maid.* Did you note how she made vs tumble & tosse  
the bed before the making of it would please her?

2. *Maid.*



## *The Silver Age.*

2. *Maid.* There hath beene tumbling and tossing on that bed hath'pleas'd her better, you know the youth in greene, he hath made my Lady looked red ere now.

1. *Maid.* You know shee is naturally pale; hee did but wrastle with her to get her a colour.

2. *Maid.* The youth in greene hath giuen her a medicine for the greene sicknesse, I warrant her: I am deceiued, if (when they meet) it go not two to one of her side.

1. *Maid.* Why do you thinke her with childe.

2. *Maid.* Tis past thinking, I dare sweare. But let's attend my Lady.

*Enter Semele drawne out in her bed.*

*Sem.* Away, we will haue none partake our pleasures,  
Or be eye-witnesse of these prodigall sweets

Which we this night shall in abundance taste.

This is the houre shall deifie my earth,

And make this drosse immortall: thanks my *Beros*,

That thou hast made me begge my happinesse,

Shew'd me the way to immortallity,

And taught me how to emulate the Gods.

Descend great *Ioue* in thy full maiesty,

And crowne my pleasures: here behold me spred,

To taste the sweets of thy immortall bed.

*Thunder, lightnings, Iupiter descends in his maiesty, his  
Thunderbolt burning.*

*Iup.* Thus wrapt in stormes, and black tempestuous clouds,  
Lightning and showers, we sit vpon the roofes  
And trembling Tarrasses of this high house  
That is not able to containe our power.

Yet come we not with these sharpe thunders arm'd,

With which the sturdy giants we ore-threw,

When we the mighty *Typhon* sunke beneath

Foure populous kingdomes: these are not so fiery,

The *Cyclopes* that vs'd to forge our bolts,

Haue qualifi'd their seruour, yet their violence

Is'boue the strength of mortals. Beauteous *Semele*,

In steed of thee I shall imbrace thy sinoake,

And

## *The Silver Age.*

And claspe a fummy vapour left in place      *Thunder and lightning.*  
Of thy bright beauty, Stormy tempests cease,  
The more I frowne, the more their breathes increase.

*Sem.* What terror's this? oh thou immortall speake!  
My eyes are for thy maiesty too weake.

*As he toucheth the bed it fires, and all flies up, Iu-  
piter from thence takes an abortive infant.*

*Imp.* Receiue thy boone, now take thy free desire  
In thunder, tempest, smoake, and heauenly fire.

*Iuno.* Ha, ha, ha.

Faire *Semele's* consum'd, 'twas acted well:  
Come, next wee'l follow *Hercules* to hell.

*Iupiter taking up the Infant, speaks as he ascends in  
his cloud.*

*Imp.* For *Semele* (thus slaine) the heauens shall mourne  
In pitchy clouds, the earth in bartenesse;  
The Ocean (for her slaughter) shall weepe brine,  
And hell resound her losse. Faire *Semele*  
Nothing but ashes now; yet this remainder,  
That cannot dye, being borne of heauenly seed,  
I will conserue till his full time of birth:  
His name Il'e *Bacchus* call, and being growne,  
Stile him, *The God of Grapes*; his *Bachenals*  
Shall be renown'd at feasts, when their light braines  
Swim in the fumes of wine. This all that's left  
Of *Semele*, vnto the heauens Il'e beare,  
Whose death this *Motto* to all mortals lend:  
He by the Gods dyes, that 'boue man contends.

## *HOMER.*

Let none the secrets of the Gods inquire,  
Lest they (like her) be strooke with heauenly fire.  
But we againe to *Hercules* returne,  
Now on his journey to the vaults below,  
Where disconsorted *Proserpine* doth milne,  
There's made to chaire her with infernall frowne.

## *The Silver Age*

*Hels Judges, Fates and Furies summoned beene  
To give free welcome to the Stygian Queene.*

*A dumbe shew of Pluto and all his Diuels, presenting severall gifts  
and shewes to cheere, but she continues in her discontent.*

*All this and more (the beauteous Queene to cheere)*

*Pluto denis'd, but still her griefe remainses:*

*No food she tastes within the gloomy sphere,*

*Sau'd of a ripe Pomegranat some few graines,*

*The next thing we present (sit faire and well)*

*You shall behold a Holy-day in hell.*

*Enter Theseus, Perithous, and Philoctetes armed.*

*Thes. Saw you not Hercules?*

*Perith. Noble Theseus no.*

*I left him in the Forrest, chasing there*

*Dianas Hart, and striving to out-run*

*The swift-foot beast.*

*Thes. His agile nimblenesse*

*Out-flies the winged bird, out-strips the steed,*

*Catcheth the hare, & the swift grey-hound tyes*

*Out-paceth the wilde Leopard, and exceeds*

*Beasts of most agile chace.*

*Phi. We have arriv'd*

*At Tenaros; this is the mouth of hell,*

*Which by my counsell, wee'd not seek to enter,*

*Till Hercules approach.*

*Thes. Not enter Philoctetes?*

*Our spirits may compare with Hercules.*

*Though he exceed our strength, I with my sword*

*Will beat against black Tartar Ebon gates,*

*And dare the triple-headed dogge to arms,*

*Hels tri-shap't porter.*

*Phi. Not by my perswasion.*

*Peri. Perithous will assist his noble friend,*

*And in this worke present great Fortitude.*



*The Silver Age.*

Let's rouse the hell-hound, call him from his lodge,  
And (maugre *Cerberus*) enter hels-mouth,  
And thence redeeme the rauish't *Proserpine*.

*Thes.* Had *Orpheus* power by musicke of his harpe,  
To charme the curre, pierce *Orcus*, *Pluto* please,  
And at his hands begge faire *Euridice*:  
And shall not we as much dare with our swords,  
As he with fingring of his golden strings:  
Come, let our ioynt assistance rouse the fiend,  
Thunder against the rusty gates of hell,  
And make the Stygian kingdomes quake with feare.

*They beate against the gates. Enter Cerberus.*

*Cerb.* What mortall wretch, that feares to dye alone  
Hath trauel'd thus farre to enquire out death?

*Thes.* We that haue blaz'd the world with deeds of praise  
Must fill the Stygian Empire with our fame;  
Then rouse thee thou three-throated curre, and taste  
The strength of *Thesens*.

*Cerb.* These my three empty throats you three shall gorge,  
And when my nailes haue torne you limbe from limbe,  
I'll sit and feast my hunger with your flesh.  
These phangs shall gnaw vpon your cruded bones,  
And with your bloods I'll smear my triple chaps,  
Your number fits my heads, and your three bodies  
Shall all my three-throats set a worke at once.  
I'll worry you; and having made you bleed,  
First sucke your iuice, then on your entrails feed.

*Perithous fights with Cerberus, and is slaine.*

*Thes.* Hold bloody fiend, and spare my noble friend,  
The honour of the worthy *Lapithes*  
Lyes breathlesse here before the gates of hell:  
Cease monster, cease to prey vpon his body,  
And feed on *Thesens* here.

*Thesens is wounded.*

*Cerb.* I'll eate you all.

*Enter Hercules.*

*Herc.* Stay and forbear your vp-roare, till our club  
Stickle amongst you: will it we in the chace  
Haue catch't the swift and golden-headed ragg,

*These*

*The Silver Age.*

These valiant *Greekes* haue sunke themselues beneath  
The vpper world, as low as *Erebus*.  
Whom see we? *Thesens* wounded, yong *Perithous*  
Torne by the rauenuous phangs of *Cerberus*.  
My griefe conuert to rage, and sterne reuenge.  
Come, guard thee well infernall *Camball*,  
At euery stroke that lights vpon thy skull,  
Il'e make thee thinke the weight of all the world  
And the earths huge masse shall crowne thee.

*Cerb.* Welcome mortall,  
Thou com'st to mend my breake-fast, thou wilt yeeld me  
many a fat bit.

*Here.* Il'e make thee eate my club,  
And swallow this fell mastiffe downe thy panch.  
At euery weighty cusse Il'e make thee howle,  
And set all hell in vp-roare: when thou roarest,  
Thy barking groanes shall make the brasen Towers  
Where ghosts are to tur'd, eccho with thy sound.  
*Plutoes* blacke guard at euery deadly yell,  
Shall frighted run through all the nookes of hell.

*Hercules beats Cerberus, and binds him in chaines.*

*Here.* Keep thou this rauenuous hell-hound gy'd & bound,  
Hels bowels I must pierce, and rouze blacke *Dis*,  
Breake (with my fists) these Adamantine gates,  
The Iron percullis teare, and with my club  
Worke my free passage (maugre all the fiends)  
Through these infernals. Lo, I sinke my selfe  
In *Charons* barge, Il'e ferry burning *Styx*,  
Ransacke the pallace where grim *Pluto* reignes,  
Mount his tribunall, made of sable Ier,  
Despight his blacke guard, stownd him in his chaire,  
And from his arme snatch beauteous *Proserpine*.  
Ghosts, Furies, Fiends shall all before vs flye,  
Or once more perish, and so doubly dye.

*Hercules sinke himselfe: Flashes of fire; the Dinels appears at  
euery corner of the stage with severall fire-workes. The Iudges  
of*

*The Silver Age.*

of hell, and the three sisters run over the stage, Hercules after  
them: fire-works all over the house. *Enter Hercules,*

*Herc.* Hence ravenous vulture, thou no more shalt tire  
On poore Prometheus, Danae spare your rubs,  
Stand still thou rowling stone of Sisyphus,  
Feed Tantalus with apples, glut thy panch,  
And with the shrinking waues quench thy hore thirst,  
Thy bones Ixion, shall no more be broke  
Vpon the torturing wheele: the Eagles beake  
Shall Tircius spare at sight of Hercules,  
And all the horrid tortures of the damn'd  
Shall at the waving of our club dissolue.

*Enter Pluto with a club of fire, a burning crowne, Proserpine, The  
Iudges, the Fates, and a guard of Diuels, all with  
burning weapons.*

*Pluto.* Wert thou Imperiall Ioue, that swaies the heauens,  
And in the starry structure dwelt above,  
Thou canst not reuell here: my flaming Crowne  
Shall scorch thy damn'd soule with infernall fires,  
My vassaile Furcs with their wicry strings,  
Shall lash thee hence, and with my Ebon club  
I'll ding thee to the lowest Barabrum.

*Herc.* First shall this engine arm'd with spikes of Steele,  
That fore the gares of hell strooke flat thy cutte,  
Fall with no lesse power on thy burning scone,  
Then should great Ioue the massy center hittle,  
And turne the worlds huge frame vpon thy head.

*Pluto.* Vpon him Diuels.

*Herc.* Aye me powers Diuine,  
From these blackefiends to rescue Proserpine,  
Hercules fells Pluto, beats off his Diuils with  
his fire-works, rescues Proserpine.

Now are we King of Orcus, Acheron,  
Cocytus, Styx, and fiery Phlegeton.

*Prof.* Long liue Alsidus, crown'd with Godlike honours,



*The Silver Age.*

For rescuing me out of the armes of *Dio*,  
The vnder-world; and fiery iawes of hell.

*All the ghosts.* Long liue eterniz'd noble *Hercules*,  
That hath dissolu'd our torments.

*Rha. Hercules*, attend th'unchanging doome of *Rhadamant*,  
And if the Gods be subiect to the Fates,  
Needs must thou (noble *Greek*) obey their doome,  
Lo, in their name, and in the awfull voyce  
Of vs the reuerend Iudges, to whose doome  
Thou once must stand. I charge thee stir not hiee,  
Till we haue censur'd thee and *Proserpine*.  
Is not the power of *Ioue* confin'd aboue?

And are not we as absolute in state  
Here in the vaults below? To alter this

The heavens must faile, the sunne melt in his heat,

The elements dissolue, Chaos againe

Confuse the triple Masse, all turne to nothing:

Now there is order: Gods there are, and Diuels:

These reward vertue; the other punish vice,

Alter this course you mingle bad with good,

Murder with pittie, hate with elemency,

Ther's for the best, no merit, for the offender

No iust infliction.

*Herc.* *Rhadamant* speakes well.

*Pha.* To whom will *Hercules* commit this businesse?

*Herc.* I will appeale to *Ioue*, and to the Planets,

Whose power, though bound by myne, is more than might

In euery mortall.

*Æacus.* Then, the Fates shall summon,

Of whom this beauteous mayd, the *Moire*, is one.

The lowest of the seuen: you iudges and Iudges,

Who all things that are past be, and to come,

Keepe registred in brasse, assemble there.

*Herc.* Be pleas'd, *Æacus*, to be content:

Nor can she stand to beare iustices

Then to the Gods and Planets.

Long liue *Æacus*, crown'd with Gods like honours.

For

*The Silver Age.*

*Sound. Enter Saturne, Iupiter, Iuno, Mars, Phobus, Venus, and Mercury (they take their place as they are in height. Ceres.*

*Satur.* I know this place, why haue you summon'd *Saturne* To hell, where he hath beene to arraigne the *Moones*? These vncloth cauernes better suit my sadnesse. Then my high spheare above, whence to all mortals I shoot my thicke and troubled melancholy. Say, what's the businesse? say.

*Iup.* *Ceres*, thy presence Tels me thy suit is 'bout thy daughters rape.

*Ceres.* Is she not thine? and canst thou suffer her To be intoomb'd in hell before her time?

*Iuno.* Cannot hell swallow your ambitious bastard? But (maugre all these monsters) liues he still?

*Phob.* I saw grim *Pluto* in my daily progresse Hurry her in his chariot ore the earth.

*Venus.* What could he lesse do, if he lou'd the Lady?

*Mars.* *Venus* is all for loue.

*Mercu.* And *Mars* for warre, Sometimes he runnes a tilt at *Venus* lipper, You haue many amorous bickering.

*Mars.* Well spoken *Martury*.

*Saturne.* Come we hitber To trifle, or to censure? what would *Pluto*?

*Pluto.* Keepe whom I haue.

*Ceres.* Canst suffer *Iupiter*?

*Here.* I won her from the sines of *Stygian Phob*, And being mine, restore her to her mother.

*Ceres.* And shall not *Ceres* keepe her? speake great *Iup*.

*Iup.* Thy censure *Rhadamante*.

*Rhad.* The Fates, by whom your powers are all conscrib'd, Pronounce this doome: If since her first arrive

She hath tasted any food, she must of force

Be euerlastingly confin'd to hell.

*Pluto.* *Asculaphus*, thou didst attend my *Queene*, Hath she yet tasted of our *Stygian* fruits?

*The Silver Age.*

That we may keepe her still?

*Asca.* Haul her in her mouth chaw the moist graines  
of a Pomegranate.

*Ceres.* Curst *Asculapius*,  
It's adde vnto thy vglinesse, and make thee  
A monster, of all monsters most abhor'd.

*Pluto.* Your censures, oh you Gods, is she not *Pluto's*?  
Giue your free censures vp.

*All.* She must be *Pluto's*.

*Ceres.* The Gods are partiall all.

*Pluto.* Welcome my Queene.

*Here.* What can *Alcides* more for *Ceres* loue,  
Then ransacke hell, and rescue *Proserpine*?  
Needs must our further conquests here take end,  
When Gods and Fates against our force contend.

*Ceres.* Iustice, oh iustice, thou Omnipotent,  
Rob not thy *Ceres* of her beauteous childe,  
Either restore my daughter to the earth,  
Or banish me to hell.

*Saturn.* *Ceres* you are fond,  
Th'earth cannot want your plenty: your fertility  
Will worse become hell scorched barrennesses  
Let's breake this Sessions vp, I am dull.

*Inp.* You Gods about  
And powers below, attend the Thunderers voyce,  
And to our moderation lend an eare  
Of reuerence. *Ceres*, the Fates haue doom'd her  
The Bride of *Pluto*; nor is she disparag'd  
To be the sister of *Olimpitke Ioue*.  
The rape that you call force, we ritle Loue:  
Nor is he lesse degree'd, saue in his lot,  
To vs that sway the heauens. So much for *Pluto*.  
Now beauteous *Ceres* we returne to you,  
Such is your care to fill the earth with plenty,  
To cherish all these fruits, from which the mortalls  
Ostend their gratitude to vs the Gods  
In sacrifice and offerings, that we now

Thus



### *The Silver Age.*

Thus by our dread power, mittigate the strictnesse  
Of the Fates doome : we haue not (oh you Gods)  
Purpose to do our Stygian brother wrong,  
Nor rob the heauens the Planet of the Moone,  
By whom the seas are sway'd: Be she confin'd  
Below the earth, where be the ebbes and tides?  
Where is her power infus'd in hearbes and plants?  
In trees for buildings? simples phisicall?  
Or minerall mines? Therefore indifferent *Ioue*  
Thus arbitrates : the yeare we part in twelue,  
Cal'd *Moneths of the Moone* : twelue times a yeare  
She in full splendor shall supply her orbe,  
And shine in heauen : twelue times fill *Pluto's* armes  
Below in hell. When *Ceres* on the earth  
Shall want her brightnesse, *Pluto* shall enioy it,  
When heauen containes her, she shall light the earth  
From her bright spheare aboue. Parted so euen,  
We neither fauour hell, nor gloze with heauen.

*Plu.* *Pluto* is pleas'd.

*Ceres.* *Ceres* at length agreed.

*Proser.* *Ioue* is all iustice, and hath well decreed.

*Iup.* Say all the planets thus?

*All.* We do.

*Iup.* Our Sessions we dissolue then. *Hercules*,  
We limit you to dragge hence *Cerberus*,  
To the vpper world, and leaue thee to the vniuerse  
Where thou shalt finish all thy *Ioniall* taskes;  
Proceed and thriue. You that to earth belong,  
Ascend to your mortality with honors,  
The Gods to heauen: *Pluto* and his keepe hell,  
The Moone in both by euen attournement dwell.

*Exeunt three wayes Ceres, Theseus, Philoctetes, and Hercules*  
*dragging Cerberus one way: Pluto, hels Iudges, the Fates*  
*and Furies downe to hell: Iupiter, the Gods and Planets ascend*  
*to heauen.*

## *The Silver Age.*

*Enter HOMER.*

*Our full Seeane's wane, the Moones arraignment ends,  
Ioue and his mount, Pluto with his descends.  
Poore HOMER's left blinde, and hath lost his way,  
And knowes not if he wander or go right,  
Unlesse your fauours their cleare beames display.  
But if you daine to guide me through this night,  
The acts of Hercules I shall pursue,  
And bring him to the thrice-raz'd wals of Troy:  
His labours and his death Ile shew to you.  
But if what's past your riper iudgements cloy,  
Here I haue done: if ill, too much: if well,  
Pray with your hands guide HOMER out of hell.*

# FINIS.



